



No.67

A NEW WINNER!  
BOY COMMANDOS



THE BATMAN

# Detective

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SEPT.



# COMICS 10¢



**BATMAN AND ROBIN**  
BATTLE THE  
**PENGUIN**  
IN A HIGH-FLYING  
SUPER-ACTION EPIC

**"CRIME'S EARLY BIRD"**



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reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

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**S.O.S. RADIO PATROL**

By WILLIAM HEYLIGER

When four Boy Scouts of Radio Patrol Troop Nine pitched their tent on an island in Lazy River, they were all set for some weeks of delightful camping. They had grand plans—but these did not include a flood!

The rise of the swollen river gave ominous warning, but the Scouts felt perfectly safe on their island. When the dam above them gave way, they knew they were in danger. The angry waters threatened to submerge their island. Their short-wave radio was dead and they had to find a way to escape while their boat was still afloat.

But across the swollen river the farmer's family was in grave danger. The boys would not save themselves without attempting to rescue the women and children whose house was threatened with destruction.

How, by quick-thinking and courage, they managed that rescue, and how, finally, they got their frantic S.O.S. through to Scout Headquarters makes a story full of thrills and interest. It is full of real adventure and fine scouting, too.

This is a new book. Ask your librarian for it.

**SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE**

(Code Krypton No. 9)

PREN CQN JGRB CQN JGN FRCQ KXWMB JWM  
BCJVB!

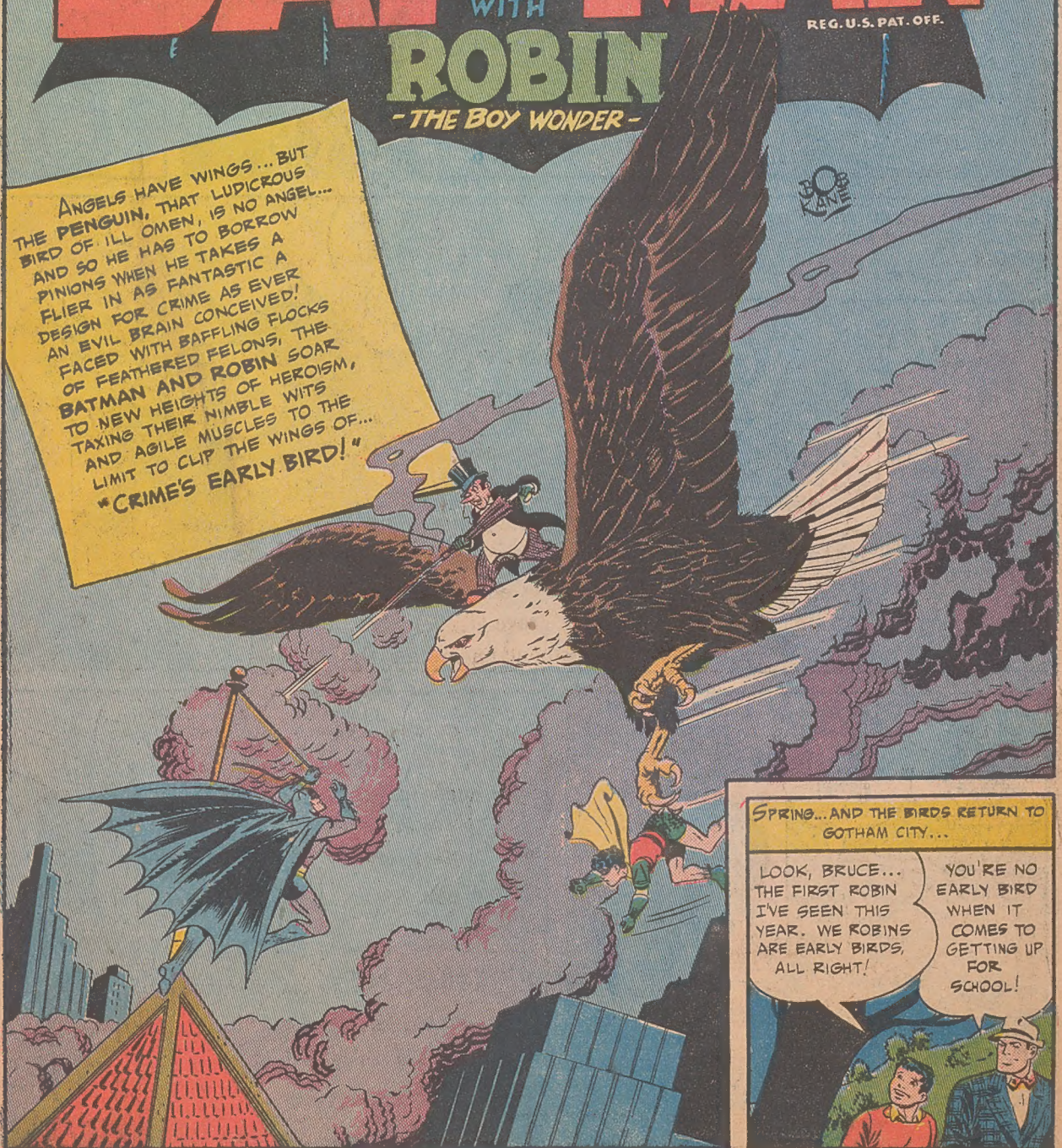


# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
- THE BOY WONDER -

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ANGELS HAVE WINGS... BUT  
THE PENGUIN, THAT LUDICROUS  
BIRD OF ILL OMEN, IS NO ANGEL...  
AND SO HE HAS TO BORROW  
PINIONS WHEN HE TAKES A  
FLIER IN AS FANTASTIC A  
DESIGN FOR CRIME AS EVER  
AN EVIL BRAIN CONCEIVED!  
OF FEATHERED FELONS, THE  
FACED WITH BAFFLING FLOCKS,  
BATMAN AND ROBIN SOAR  
TO NEW HEIGHTS OF HEROISM,  
TAXING THEIR NIMBLE WITS  
AND AGILE MUSCLES TO THE  
LIMIT TO CLIP THE WINGS OF...  
\*CRIME'S EARLY BIRD!



SPRING... AND THE BIRDS RETURN TO  
GOTHAM CITY...

LOOK, BRUCE...  
THE FIRST ROBIN  
I'VE SEEN THIS  
YEAR. WE ROBINS  
ARE EARLY BIRDS,  
ALL RIGHT!

YOU'RE NO  
EARLY BIRD  
WHEN IT  
COMES TO  
GETTING UP  
FOR  
SCHOOL!





ELSEWHERE, EDUCATED BIRDS PERFORM FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF THEATER AUDIENCES...

WHILE NAUGHTY JACKDAWS STEAL NECKLACES OUT OF BOX, THIS FELLA TELL US HOW MANY IS FIVE AND SEVEN!

AWRRK...! FIVE AND SEVEN ARE TWELVE, CHUM!

SING HI LO AND HIS FAMOUS PERFORMING BIRDS-

... AND A FLY-BY-NIGHT CHARACTER WELL KNOWN TO THE POLICE...THE WILY PENGUIN WATCHES THROUGH SMOKED GLASSES!

VERY CLEVER! AND IT IS ONLY FITTING THAT I, THE PENGUIN, USE THOSE BIRDS IN MY BUSINESS!

PRESENTLY...AS WEALTHY BRUCE WAYNE AND YOUNG DICK GRAYSON NEAR THE THEATER DISTRICT..

LISTEN... SHOOTING!

THERE GOES OUR QUIET EVENING AT THE THEATER!

BANG!

OUTER GARMENTS DISCARDED IN A TWINKLING, THE TWO BECOME THOSE CAPED FIGURES OF NIGHT...BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!

I'D RATHER PUT ON THIS KIND OF SHOW ANY TIME!

TO TELL THE TRUTH, ROBIN, SO WOULD I!

WELL, WELL... LOOK WHO'S HERE! HI, BOYS! NEED ANY HELP?

THE BATMAN!

WHAT'D WE DO TO DESERVE THIS?

YOU'RE LOUIE THE LIP... OR AM I MAKING A MISTAKE?

IT'S MY MISTAKE FOR BEIN' HERE!

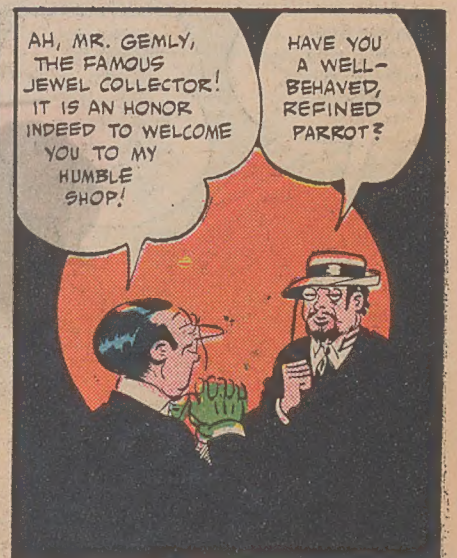
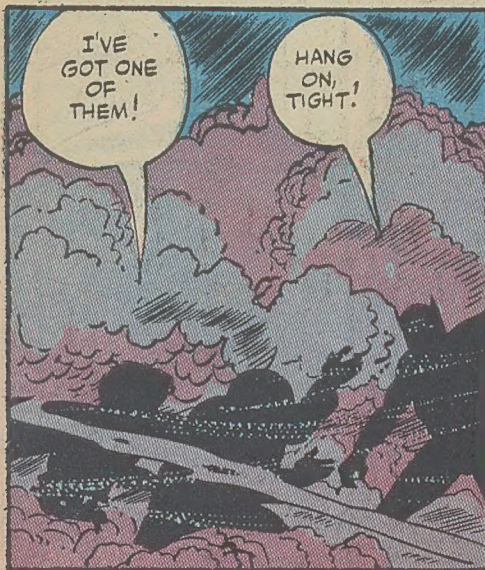
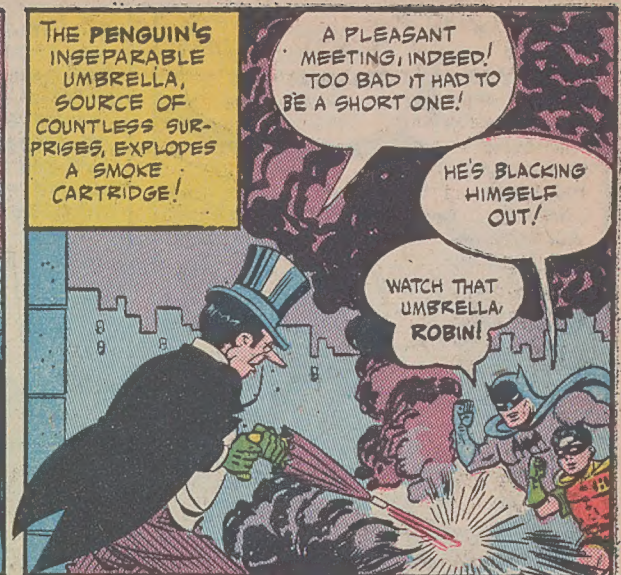
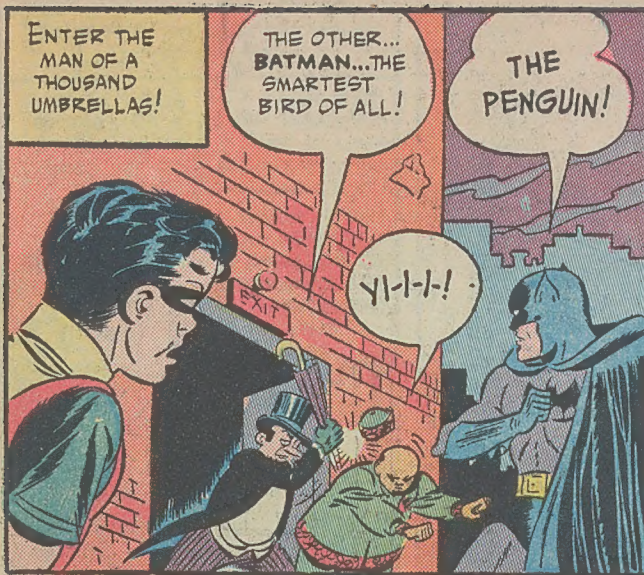
I'M GONNA RUB OUT ONE MISTAKE RIGHT NOW!

HOTFOOT HARRY, I BELIEVE!

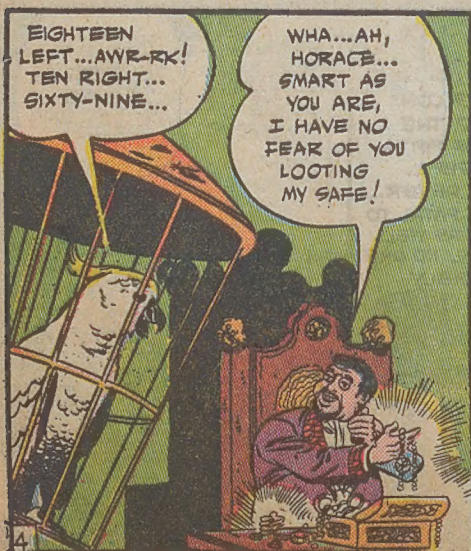
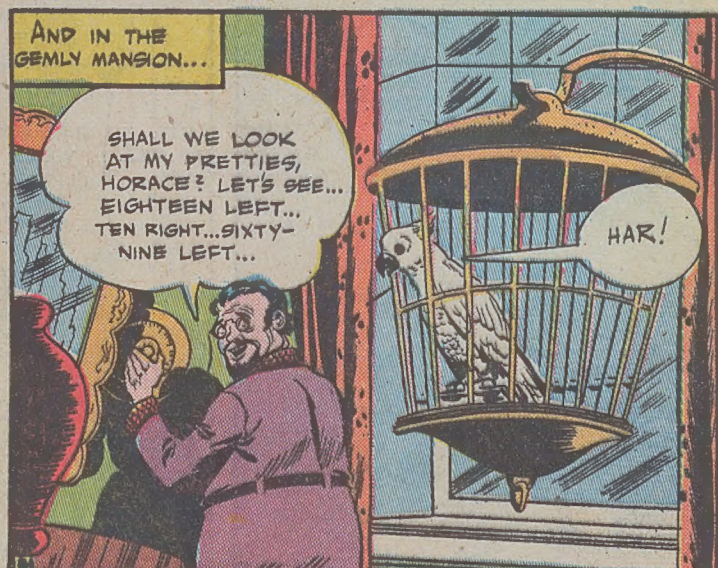
CLOAKED CRIMINALS LOB SING HI LO!

JAILBIRDS AND STAGE BIRDS! ANY OTHER AROUND?

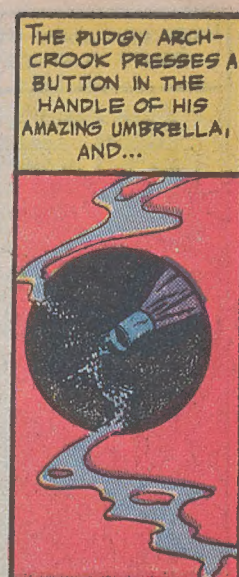




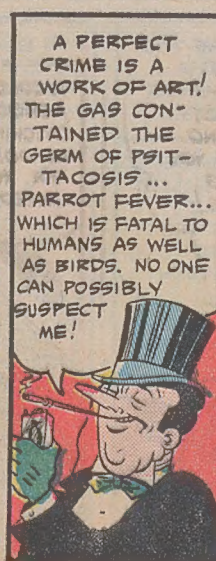
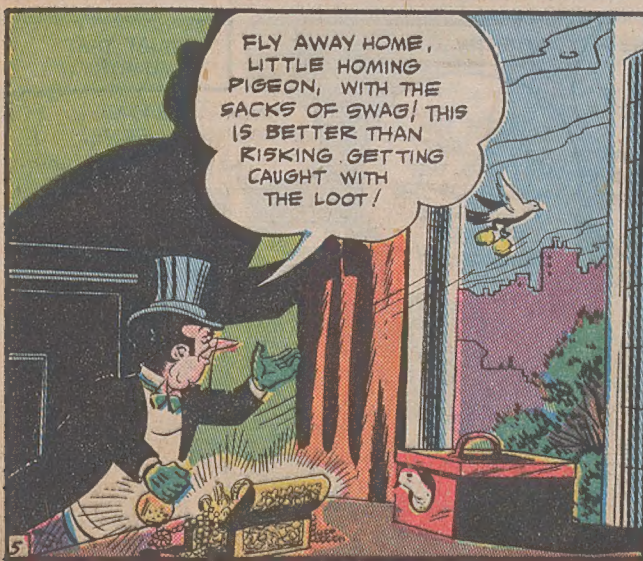
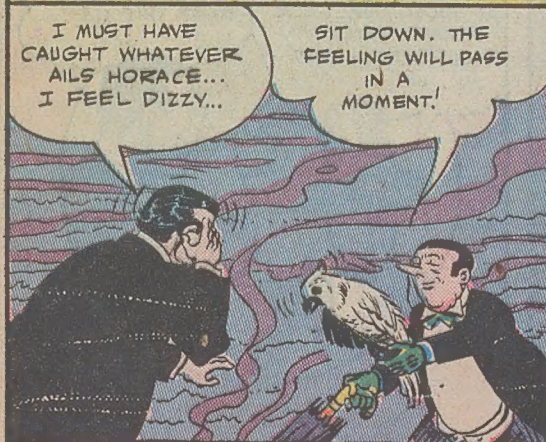








A COLORLESS, ODORLESS GAS FILLS THE AIR... BUT DOES NOT AFFECT THE PENGUIN, WHO HAS THOUGHTFULLY THRUST COTTON WADS SOAKED WITH CHEMICALS INTO HIS NOSTRILS...





NEWS HEADLINES STIR A SIXTH SENSE IN BRUCE WAYNE...

A BIRD AND MISSING JEWELRY... SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS IS THE BREAK I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!



WHERE DID YOU SAY WE WERE GOING, BRUCE?

THE PAPER MENTIONED A BIRD DEALER NAMED I. WADDLE... IT'S FUNNY, BUT THAT NAME REMINDS ME OF SOMEBODY. CAN YOU GUESS WHO?



A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR A STROLL.

I DON'T HAVE TO GUESS... LOOK!

WE'LL FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!



WE CAME JUST IN TIME... HE'S GOING INTO A JEWELRY STORE!

GET SET FOR TROUBLE, FELLA!



WITHIN THE JEWELRY SHOP...

LET ME SEE SOME UNSET DIAMONDS, MY GOOD MAN... FROM ABOUT TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS UP!

IT WILL BE A PLEASURE, SIR... STEP THIS WAY!



UNNOTICED, THE PENGUIN FREES TWO SMALL BIRDS FROM HIS POCKETS... JACKDAWS, NOTORIOUS WINGED THIEVES OF SMALL, GLITTERING OBJECTS...

YOU'LL FIND THESE OF THE FINEST QUALITY, SIR!

I JUST REMEMBERED I LEFT MY WALLET AT HOME... I SHALL GET IT AND RETURN!

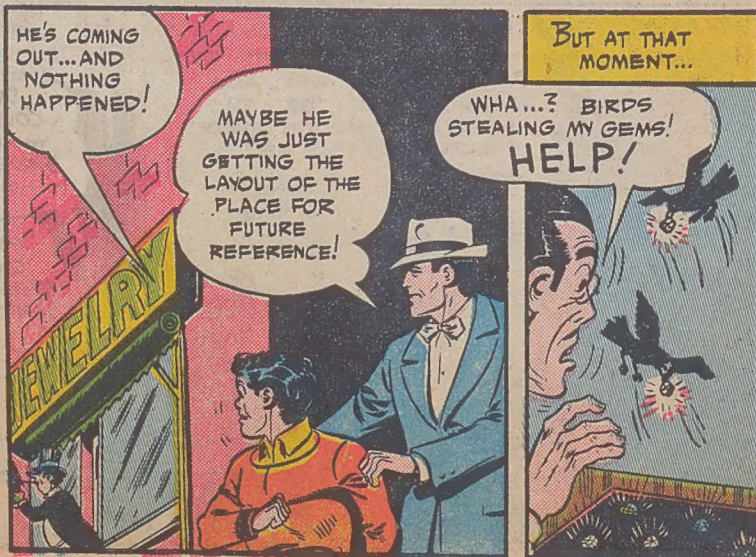


HE'S COMING OUT... AND NOTHING HAPPENED!

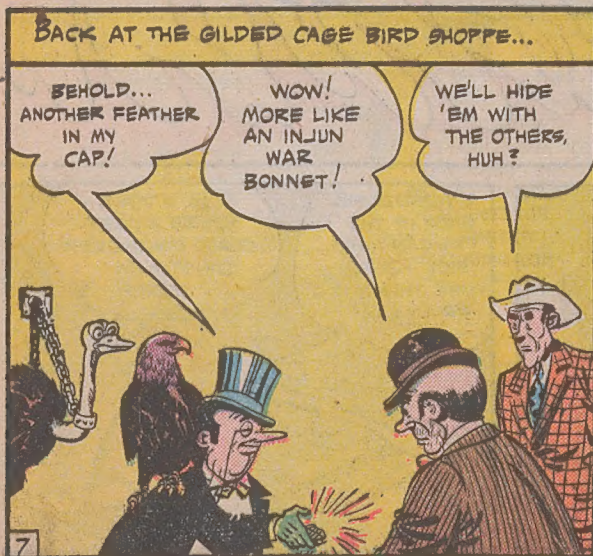
MAYBE HE WAS JUST GETTING THE LAYOUT OF THE PLACE FOR FUTURE REFERENCE!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

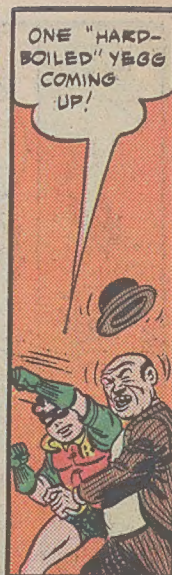
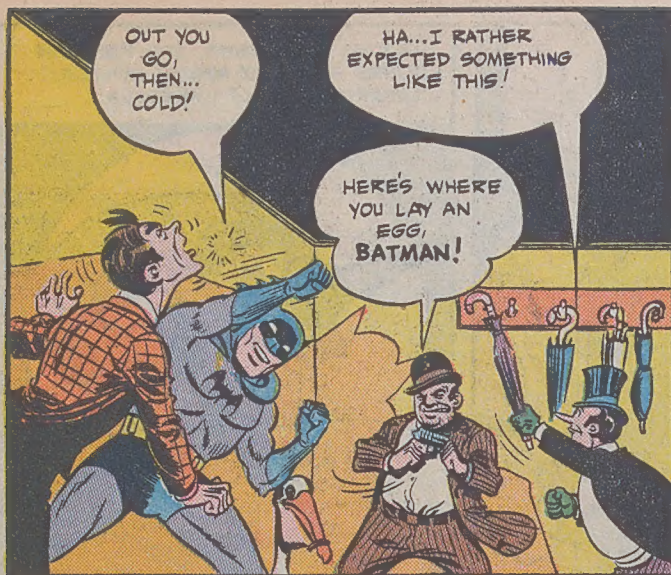
WHA...? BIRDS STEALING MY GEMS! HELP!









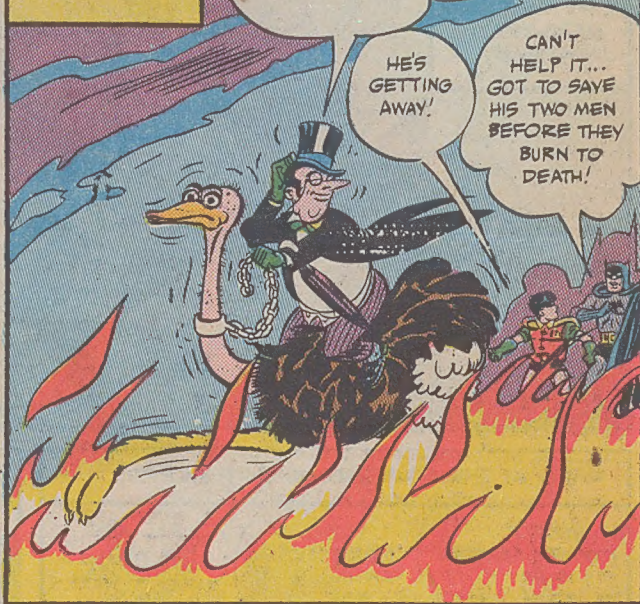


THE WILY ARCH-CRIMINAL HAS NOT BEEN CAUGHT NAPPING, HOWEVER...

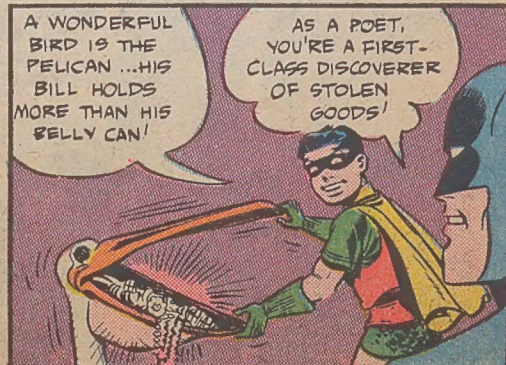
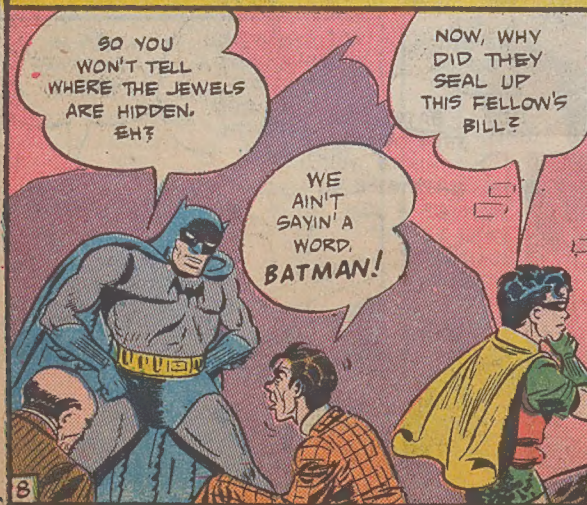


AS THE ROARING FLAMES SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE ROOM...

NEITHER OSTRICHES NOR PENGUINS CAN FLY... BUT A COMBINATION OF THE TWO CAN COVER GROUND IN A HURRY!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

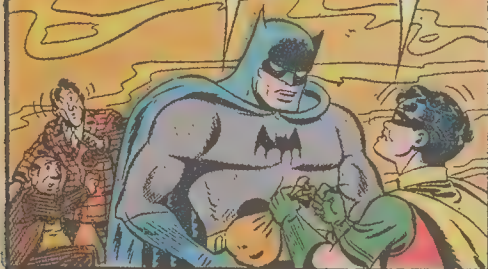




WITH SEEMING CARELESSNESS, THE BATMAN  
TURNS HIS BACK ON HIS PRISONERS...

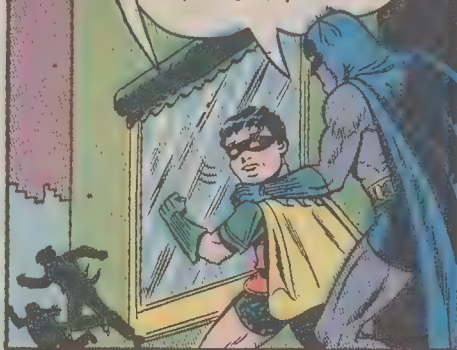
GOOD THING THE  
PENGUIN DOESN'T KNOW  
ABOUT THAT CHEST OF  
JEWELS IN BRUCE  
WAYNE'S HOUSE... AND  
WAYNE'S OUT OF THE  
CITY!

HUH?  
WHAT'S  
THAT?



THEY'RE  
GETTING  
AWAY!

LET THEM! THE  
POLICE CAN PICK  
THEM UP ANY TIME...  
AND MEANWHILE,  
I'VE GOT A SCHEME  
FOR DOSING THE  
PENGUIN WITH SOME  
OF HIS OWN  
MEDICINE!

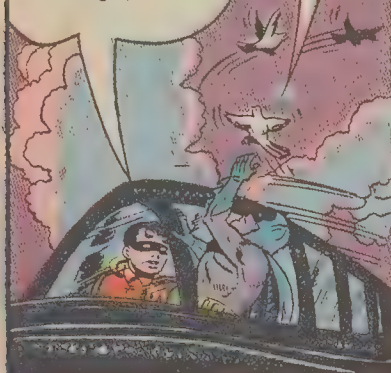


THAT AFTERNOON, A  
WEIRD CRAFT STREAKS  
FROM A SECRET  
UNDERGROUND HANGAR  
INTO THE BLUE SKY...  
THE BATPLANE...



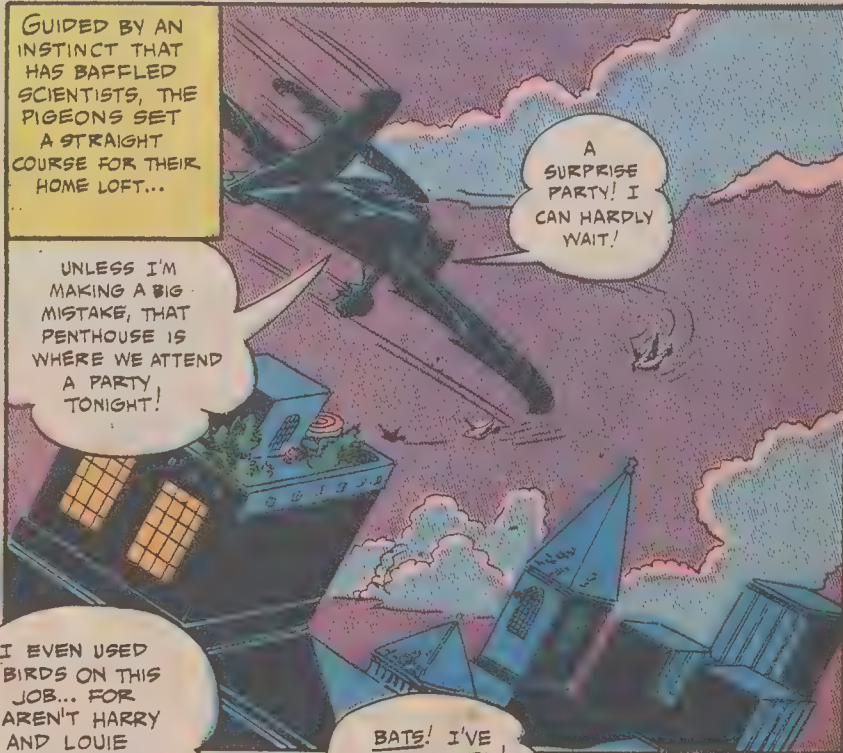
YOU THINK  
THESE HOMING  
PIGEONS WE  
RESCUED FROM  
THE FIRE WILL  
LEAD US TO THE  
PENGUIN'S  
HIDEOUT?

ALL WE  
CAN DO IS  
KEEP 'EM  
FLYING AND  
SEE!



GUIDED BY AN  
INSTINCT THAT  
HAS BAFLED  
SCIENTISTS, THE  
PIGEONS SET  
A STRAIGHT  
COURSE FOR THEIR  
HOME LOFT...

UNLESS I'M  
MAKING A BIG  
MISTAKE, THAT  
PENTHOUSE IS  
WHERE WE ATTEND  
A PARTY  
TONIGHT!



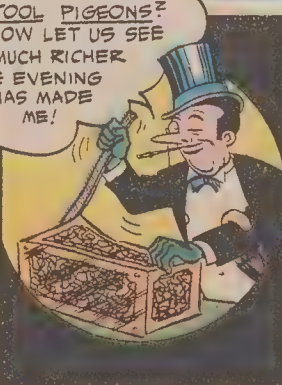
A  
SURPRISE  
PARTY! I  
CAN HARDLY  
WAIT!

MIDNIGHT... AND THE PENGUIN  
RETURNS HOME AFTER A PLEASANT  
EVENING'S WORK...

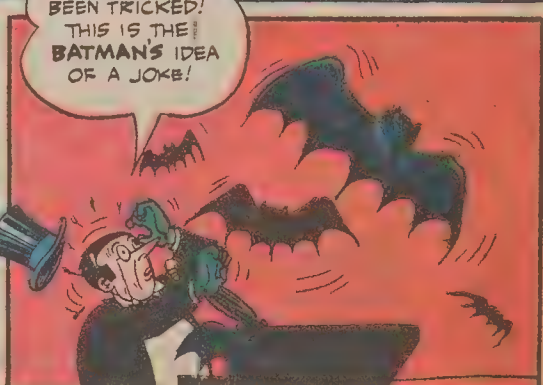
THE JEWELS OF PLAYBOY  
BRUCE WAYNE! HA! THE  
BATMAN HIMSELF TIPPED  
ME OFF TO THEM, THROUGH  
LOUIE THE LIP AND HARRY!



I EVEN USED  
BIRDS ON THIS  
JOB... FOR  
AREN'T HARRY  
AND LOUIE  
STOOL PIGEONS?  
NOW LET US SEE  
HOW MUCH RICHER  
THE EVENING  
HAS MADE  
ME!

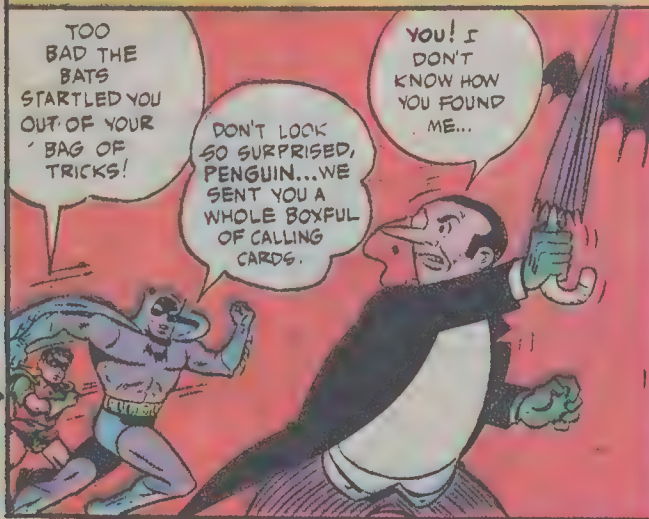


BATS! I'VE  
BEEN TRICKED!  
THIS IS THE  
BATMAN'S IDEA  
OF A JOKE!





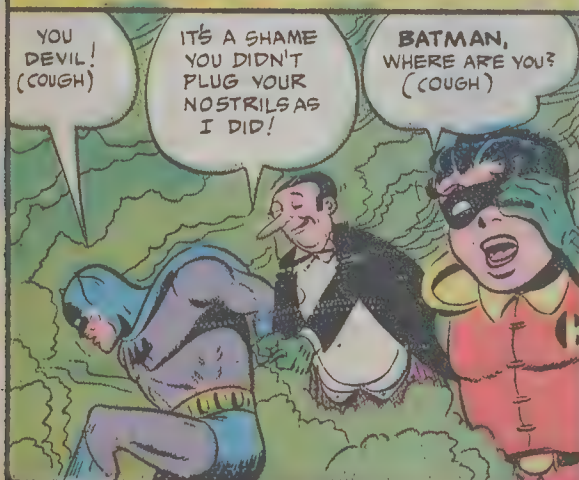
THE NEXT INSTANT...



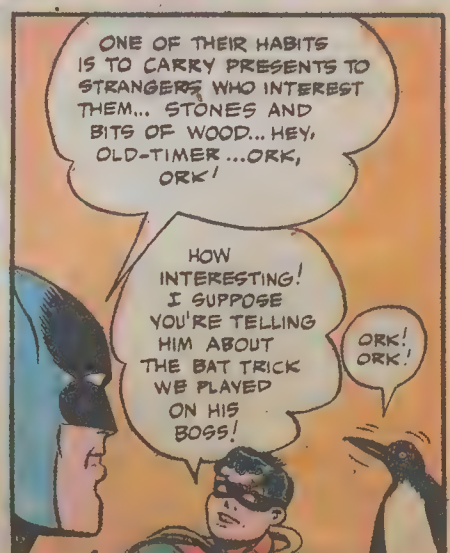
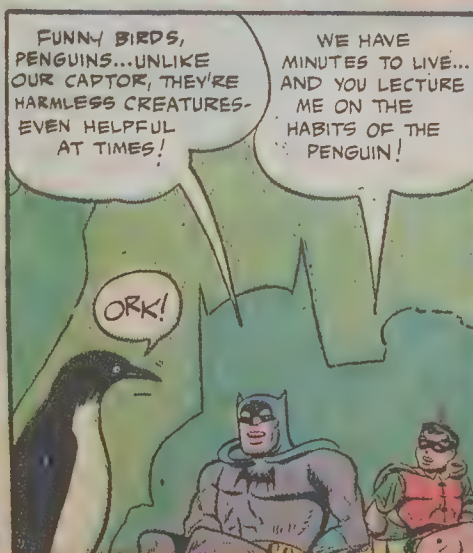
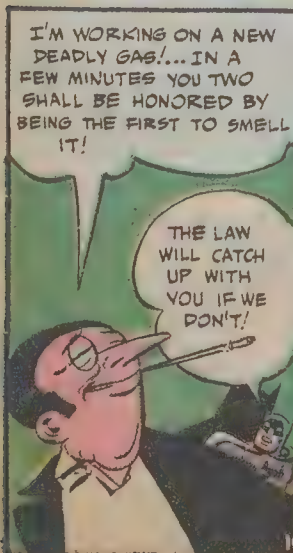
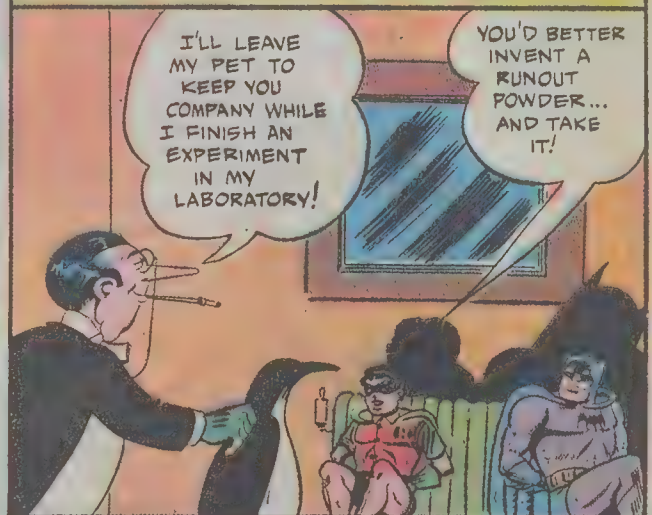
A CLOUD OF FINE POWDER SPURTS FROM THE EVER-READY UMBRELLA...



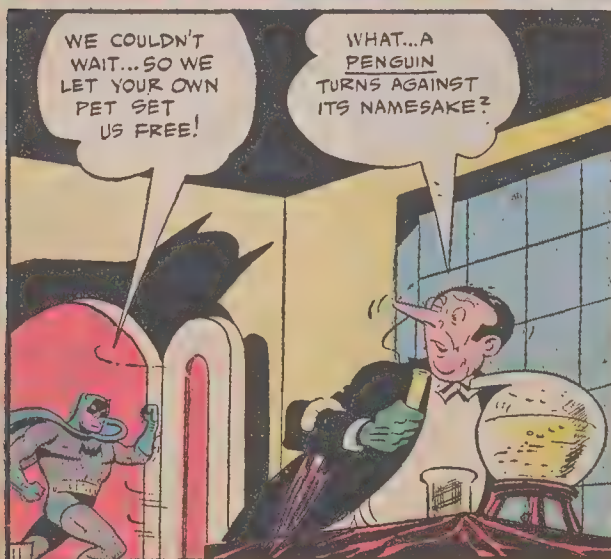
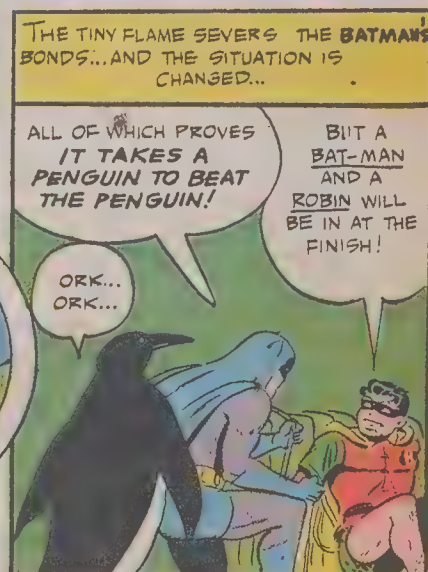
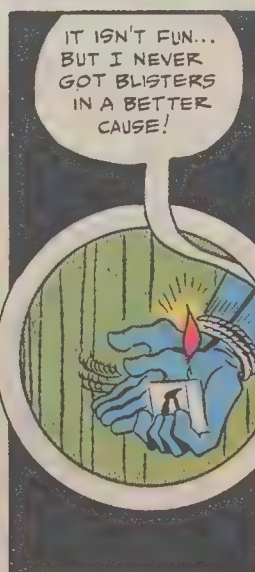
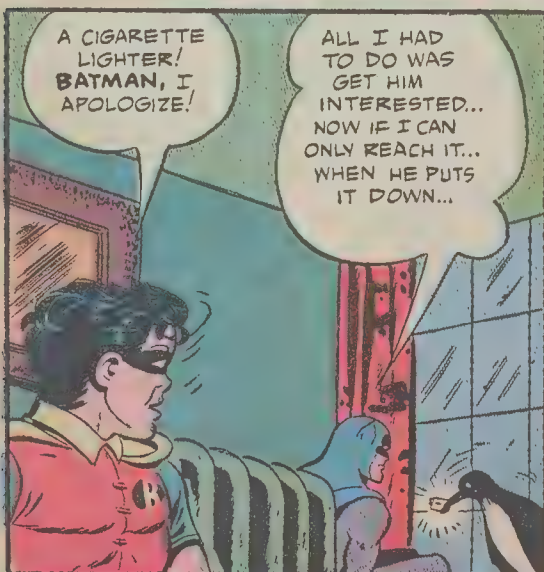
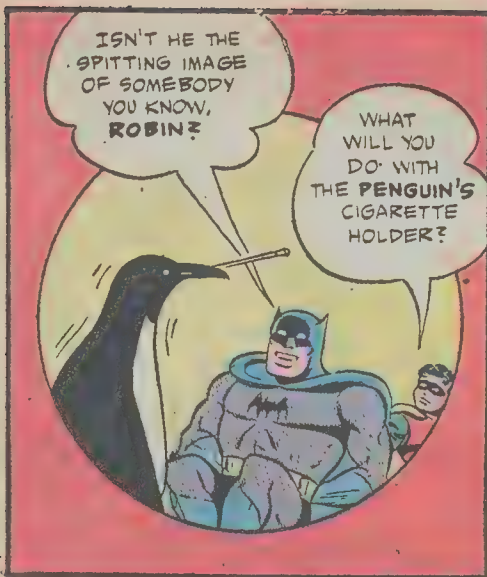
WEAKENED AND BLINDED BY FITS OF SNEEZING, THE RACKET-WRECKERS ARE EASY VICTIMS FOR THE MASTER VILLAIN...



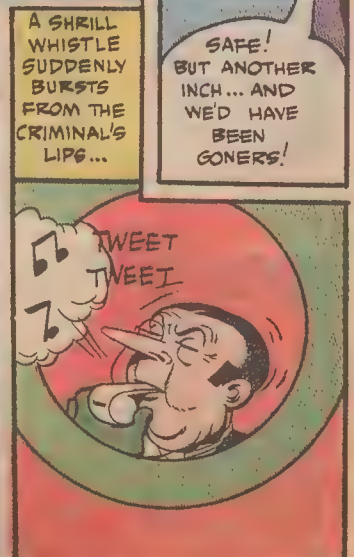
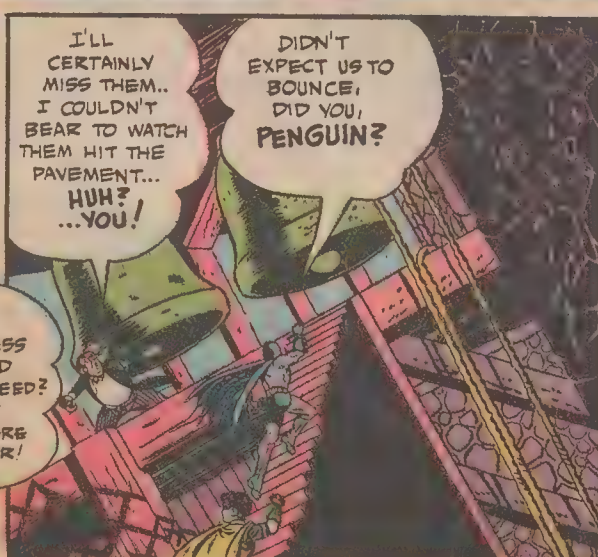
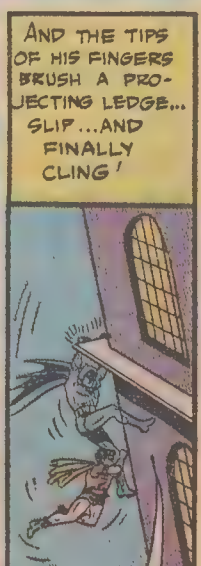
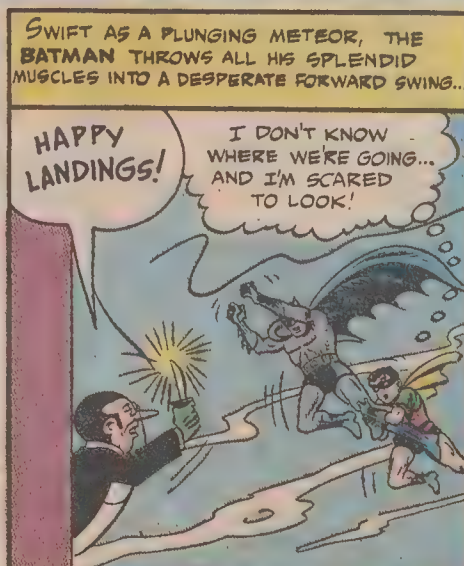
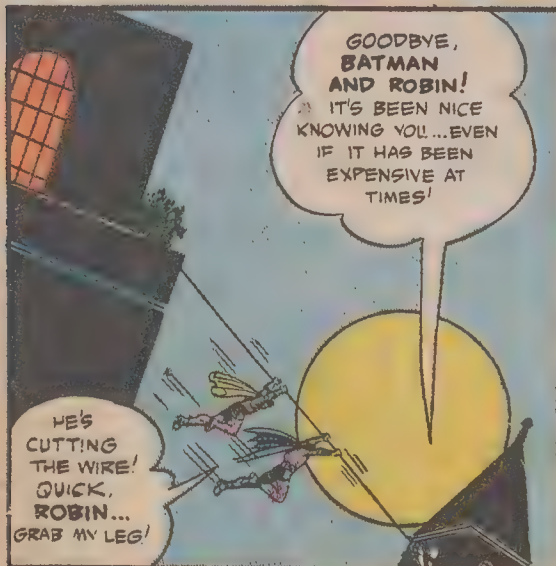
SOON THEY ARE HELPLESS PRISONERS...



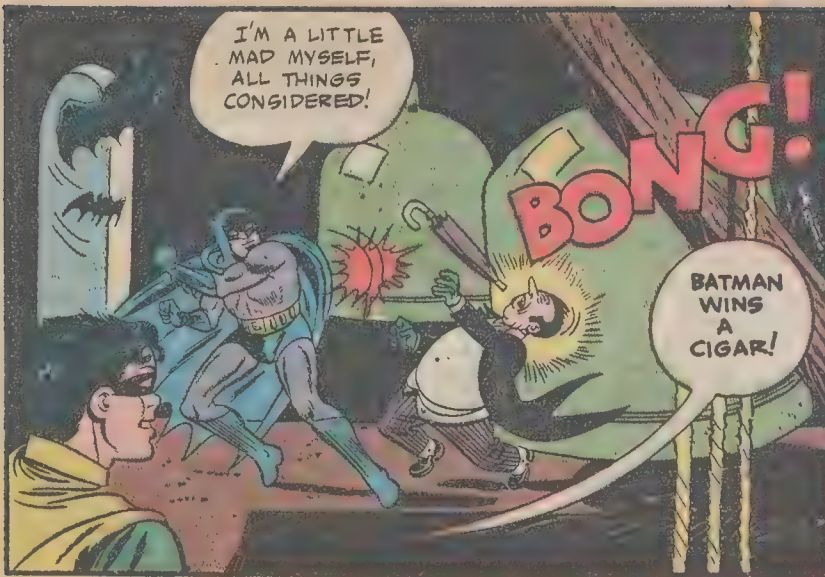










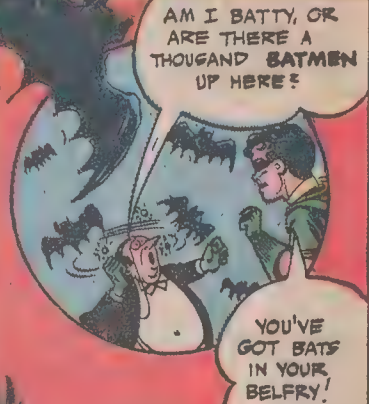


I'M A LITTLE  
MAD MYSELF,  
ALL THINGS  
CONSIDERED!

**BONG!**

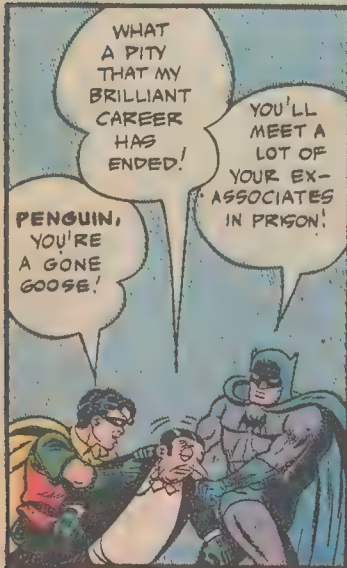
BATMAN  
WINS  
A  
CIGAR!

FLEEING FROM THE LIGHTED PENT-  
HOUSE TO THE SHADOWS OF THE  
BELL TOWER, THE BATMAN'S BATS  
CONFUSE THE PENGUIN...



AM I BATTY, OR  
ARE THERE A  
THOUSAND BATMEN  
UP HERE?

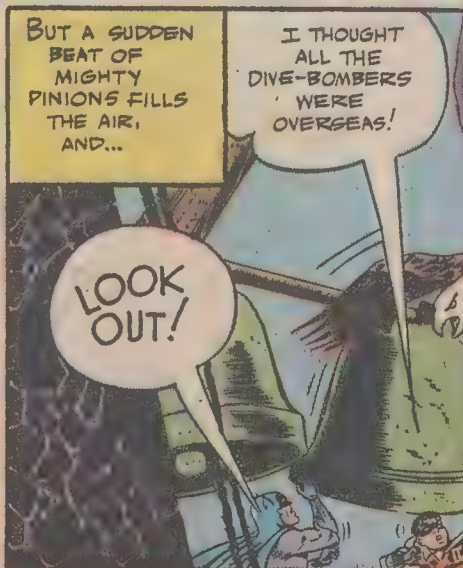
YOU'VE  
GOT BATS  
IN YOUR  
BELFRY!



WHAT  
A PITY  
THAT MY  
BRILLIANT  
CAREER  
HAS  
ENDED!

YOU'LL  
MEET A  
LOT OF  
YOUR EX-  
ASSOCIATES  
IN PRISON!

PENGUIN,  
YOU'RE  
A GONE  
GOOSE!

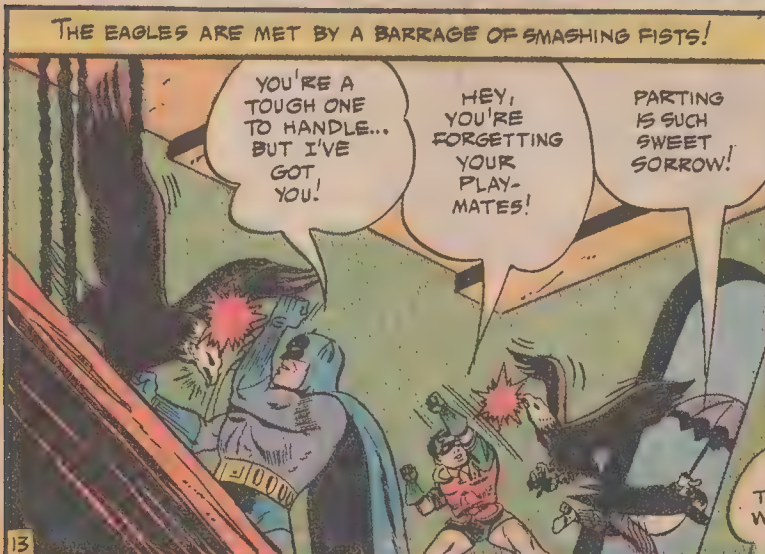


BUT A SUDDEN  
BEAT OF  
MIGHTY  
PINIONS FILLS  
THE AIR,  
AND...

I THOUGHT  
ALL THE  
DIVE-BOMBERS  
WERE  
OVERSEAS!

LOOK  
OUT!

MY TRAINED  
FIGHTING  
EAGLES, GENTLE-  
MEN... SUMMONED  
BY MY  
WHISTLE!



THE EAGLES ARE MET BY A BARRAGE OF SMASHING FISTS!

YOU'RE A  
TOUGH ONE  
TO HANDLE...  
BUT I'VE  
GOT  
YOU!

HEY,  
YOU'RE  
FORGETTING  
YOUR  
PLAY-  
MATES!

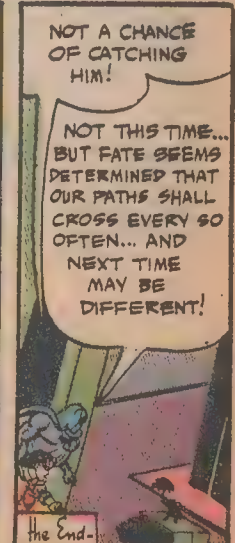
PARTING  
IS SUCH  
SWEET  
SORROW!



THE UMBRELLA MAN  
PARACHUTES GRACE-  
FULLY TO  
SAFETY!

HE'S  
STILL  
FLYING!

I FLOAT  
THROUGH THE AIR  
WITH THE GREATEST  
OF EASE!



NOT A CHANCE  
OF CATCHING  
HIM!

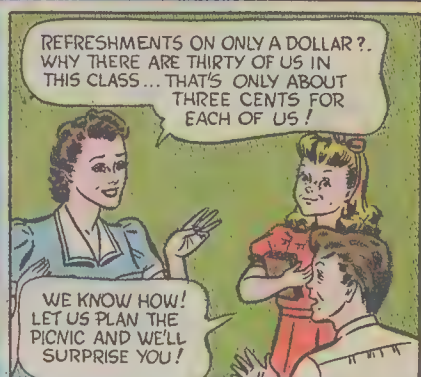
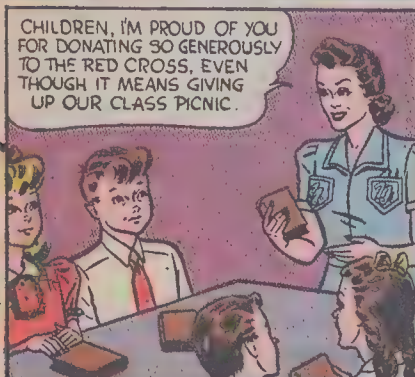
NOT THIS TIME...  
BUT FATE SEEMS  
DETERMINED THAT  
OUR PATHS SHALL  
CROSS EVERY SO  
OFTEN... AND  
NEXT TIME  
MAY BE  
DIFFERENT!

The End.

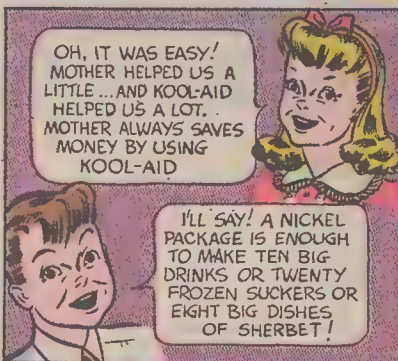


# DON & NANCY

... COME TO THE RESCUE OF  
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC  
... AND THEY ALL HAVE A  
WONDERFUL TIME!



## AT LAST CAME THE DAY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC...



## KOOL-AID Costs So Little You Can Have It Often!

TELL your mother about Kool-Aid, how extra good it is in so many different ways. Once she discovers how swell it tastes and how little it costs, you'll be having Kool-Aid drinks real often. Recipes on package tell how to make frozen suckers and ice cream sherbet, too. Ask mother to buy some Kool-Aid today! Try all seven flavors!

## BOYS/GIRLS TRY KOOL-AID BUBBLE GUM



HAVE YOU tried Kool-Aid Bubble Gum? It comes in five different flavors, every one extra tasty and chewy. And far blowing bubbles, Kool-Aid Bubble Gum just can't be beat! You get a great big piece for only a penny—and the flavor lasts a long, long time. Remember that, and get more fun for your money. Always ask for KOOL-AID Bubble Gum. PERKINS PRODUCTS CO. • CHICAGO





# The BOY COMMANDOS

in  
"ESCAPE  
to  
DISASTER!"

Starring  
**RIP  
CARTER**

## ORDER OF THE DAY

TO ALL COMMANDO  
PERSONNEL:

The Target for TONIGHT  
is the U-BOAT BASE at  
TROSLO, NORWAY... You will  
accompany Assigned NAVAL  
UNITS aboard a Dynamite-  
Laden DESTROYER... Your  
Orders are to ram the  
CANAL LOCKS and destroy  
them... This is a SUICIDE  
Mission, so leave your  
Picnic-Baskets behind.  
Captain *Rip Carter*

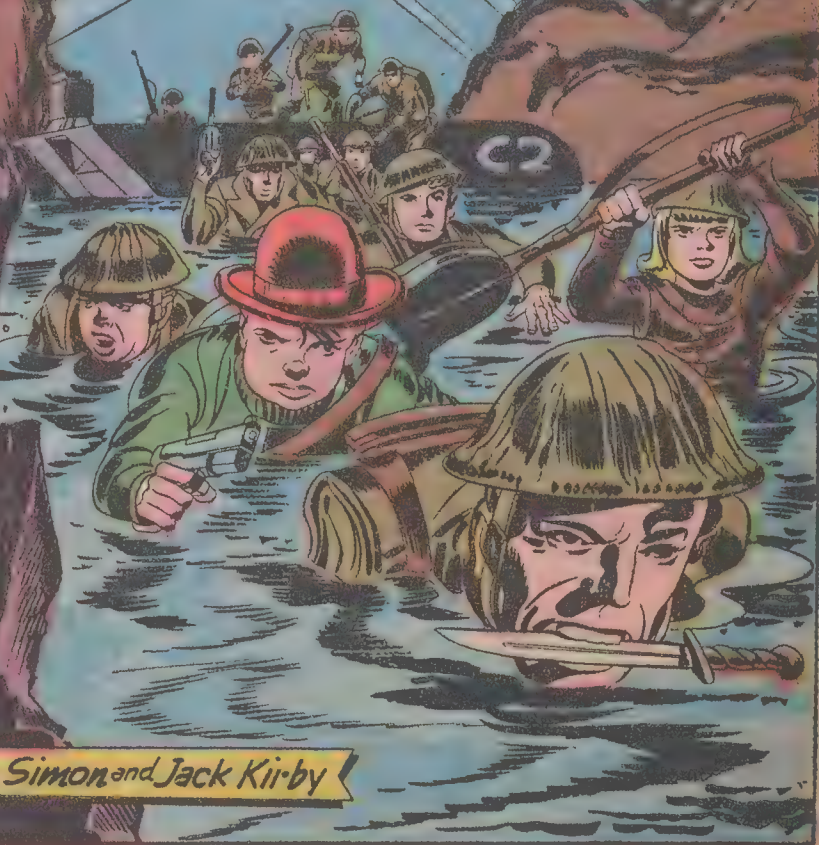
**HORSESHOES CORONA**  
IS A CHARACTER FROM  
THE EAST SIDE OF TOWN...  
THE KING OF THE RACKETS...

...**HORSESHOES**  
HAD NO BEEF AGAINST  
THE NAZIS... HE NEVER  
EVEN KNEW THE MOB...  
FOR THEY HADN'T MUSCLED  
IN ON HIS TERRITORY...

BUT THEN HORSESHOES  
CORONA STEPS OUT-  
SIDE HIS TERRITORY...  
AND WHAT HAPPENS  
FROM THERE ON IS A  
TALE WHICH ONLY  
**RIP CARTER** AND  
HIS GALLANT **BOY  
COMMANDOS** CAN  
TELL... FOR THEY HAD  
A RINGSIDE SEAT  
AT ITS EXPLOSIVE  
CLIMAX AND A HAND  
IN ITS IRONIC  
ENDING!

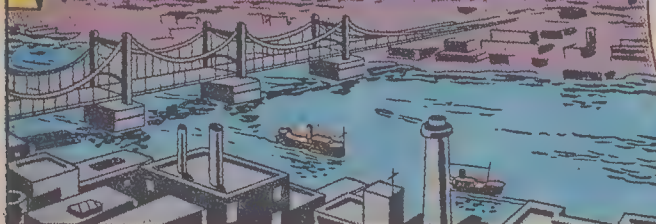
YOU  
MIGHT CALL IT  
THE FORTUNES  
OF WAR... BUT WE  
TERM IT THE MOST  
EXCITING GANG  
FIGHT SINCE THE  
ROARING  
TWENTIES!

by Joe Simon and Jack Kirby



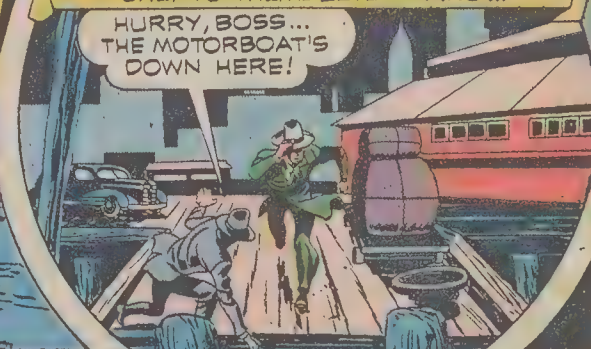


**THIS STORY SHOULD BEGIN ON THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF EUROPE, THE BURNING SANDS OF LIBYA, OR THE GRIM FJORDS OF WIND-SWEPT NORWAY... BUT IT DOESN'T! DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL, THIS TALE OF THE BOY COMMANDOS HAS ITS STARTLING BEGINNING ON THE BLACKED-OUT DOCKS OF LOWER MANHATTAN---**

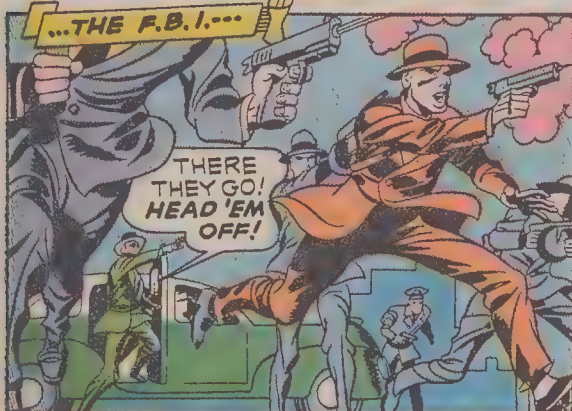


**YOU SEE, HORSESHOES CORONA AND BUTTSY BAYNES ARE LEAVING ON A CRUISE TO EUROPE FOR REASONS KNOWN ONLY TO THEMSELVES... AND...**

**HURRY, BOSS... THE MOTORBOAT'S DOWN HERE!**

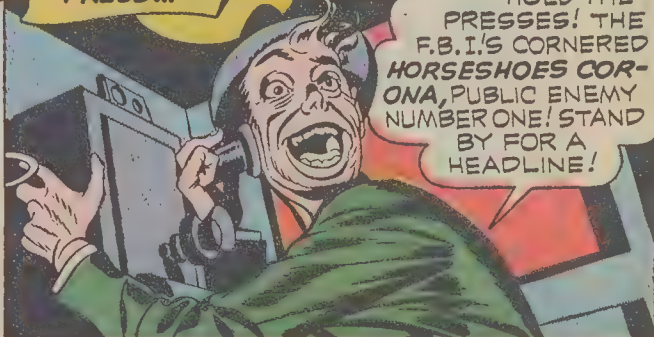


**...THE F.B.I.---**



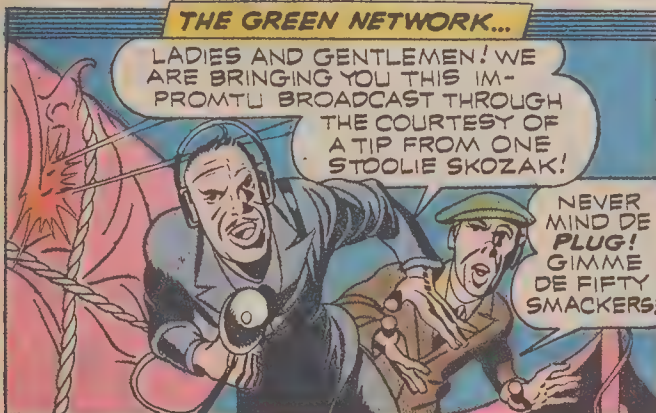
**THERE THEY GO! HEAD 'EM OFF!**

**...THE AMALGAMATED PRESS---**



**YEAH! HOLD THE PRESSES! THE F.B.I.'S CORNERED HORSESHOES CORONA, PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE! STAND BY FOR A HEADLINE!**

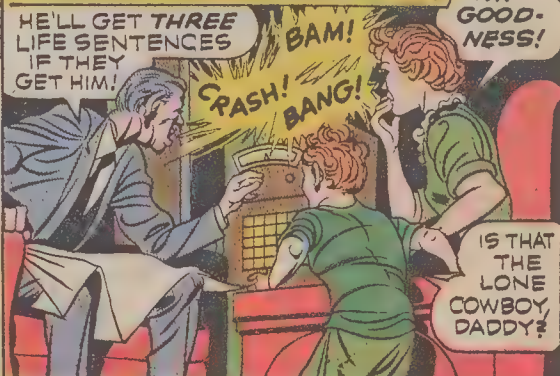
**THE GREEN NETWORK...**



**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! WE ARE BRINGING YOU THIS IMPROMTU BROADCAST THROUGH THE COURTESY OF A TIP FROM ONE STOOIE SKOZAK!**

**NEVER MIND DE PLUG! GIMME DE FIFTY SMACKERS!**

**...AND SIX MILLION LISTENERS!**



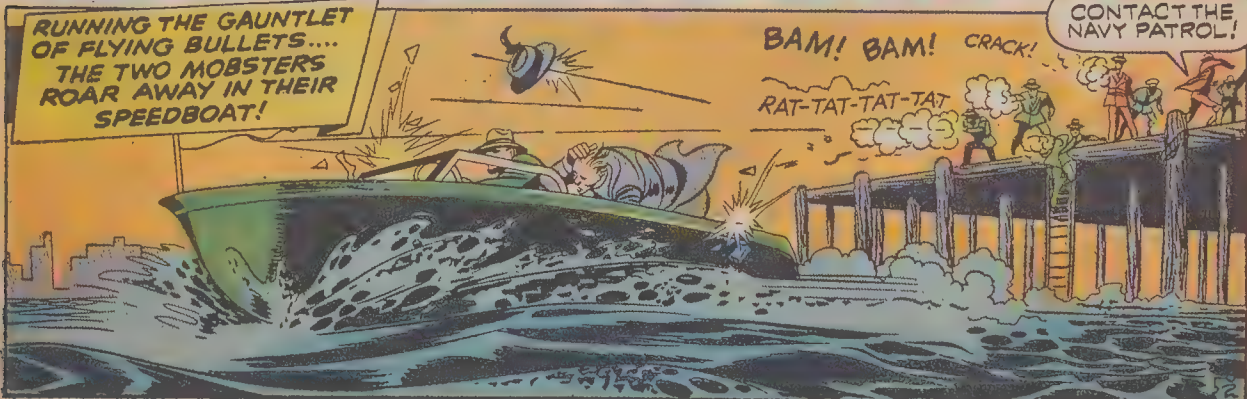
**HE'LL GET THREE LIFE SENTENCES IF THEY GET HIM!**

**BAM! CRASH! BANG!**

**MY GOODNESS!**

**IS THAT THE LONE COWBOY DADDY?**

**RUNNING THE GAUNTLET OF FLYING BULLETS... THE TWO MOBSTERS ROAR AWAY IN THEIR SPEEDBOAT!**



**BAM! BAM! CRACK!**

**RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT**

**CONTACT THE NAVY PATROL!**



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...ON A TANKER AT SEA...



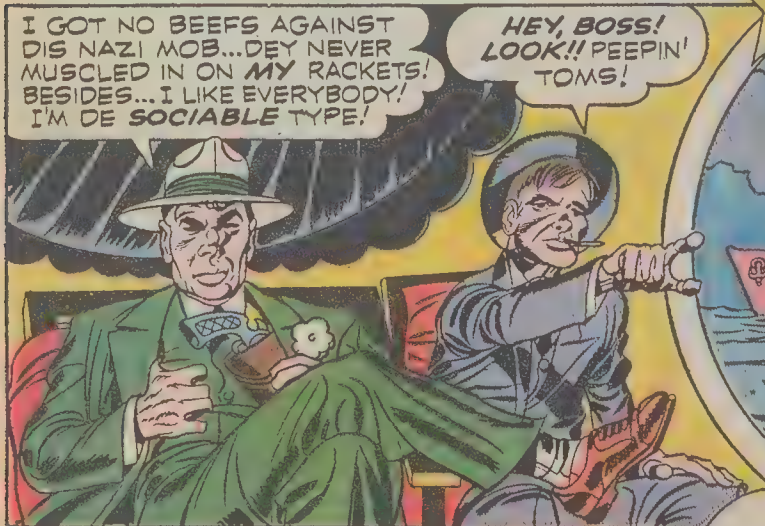
I CAN'T HELP LAUGHIN' OVER HOW WE GAVE 'EM DE SLIP, BOSS! IF IT WUZN'T FOR OUR RUM RUNNIN' EXPERIENCE, WE'D NEVER GOT PAST DAT NAVY PATROL!

IT'S JUST LIKE I ALWAYS SAID, BUTTSY! THERE'S NUTTIN' LIKE A GOOD EDJICATION!



DON'T, BOSS! EVERYTIME I TINKS OF ME REFORM SCHOOL DAYS, I-- I GETS KINDA SEDIMENTAL INSIDE...

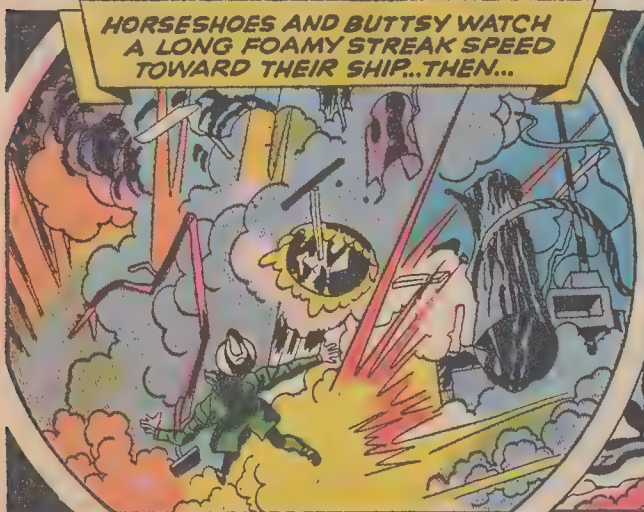
YA KNOW, IT BOINS ME UP WHEN I TINK OF DE NOIVE OF DOSE FEDS... TRYIN' TA DRAFT ME... HORSESHOES CORONA! DEY KNOW I DON'T GO FOR DIS WAR RACKET!



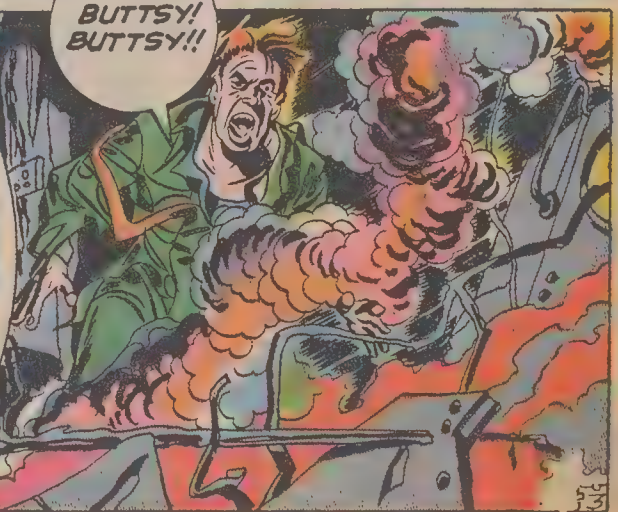
I GOT NO BEEFS AGAINST DIS NAZI MOB...DEY NEVER MUSCLED IN ON MY RACKETS! BESIDES... I LIKE EVERYBODY! I'M DE SOCIABLE TYPE!

HEY, BOSS! LOOK!! PEEPIN' TOMS!

THE SUN SUDDENLY REFLECTS ON COLD METAL RISING FROM THE CHURNING DEPTHS!

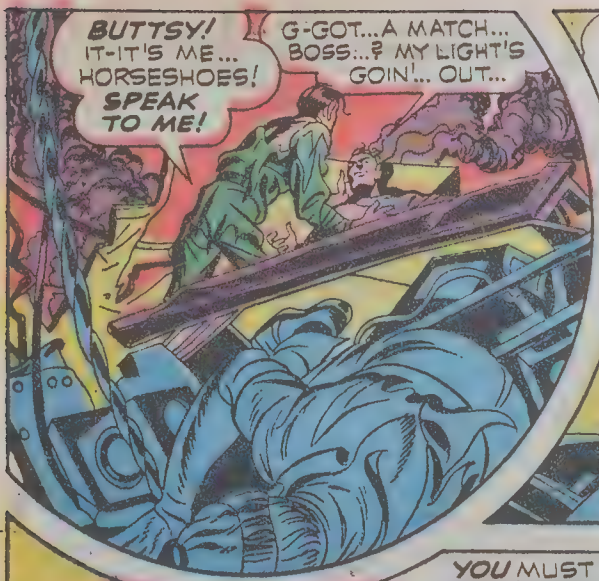


HORSESHOES AND BUTTSY WATCH A LONG FOAMY STREAK SPEED TOWARD THEIR SHIP...THEN...



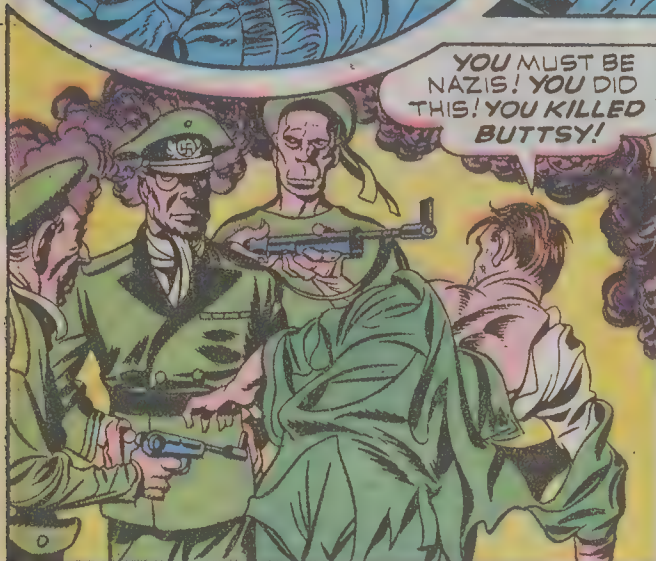
BUTTSY! BUTTSY!!



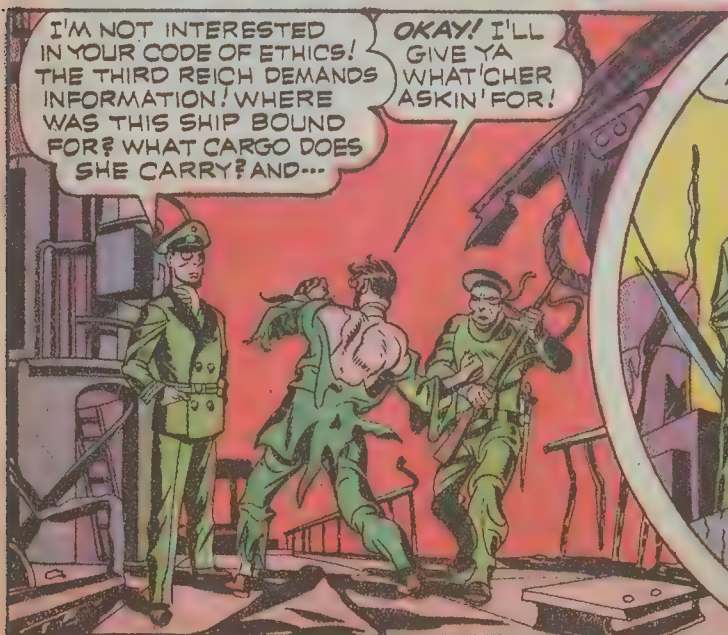


**BUTTSY!**  
IT-IT'S ME...  
HORSESHOES!  
**SPEAK**  
**TO ME!**

**G-GOT...A MATCH...  
BOSS...? MY LIGHT'S  
GOIN'... OUT...**

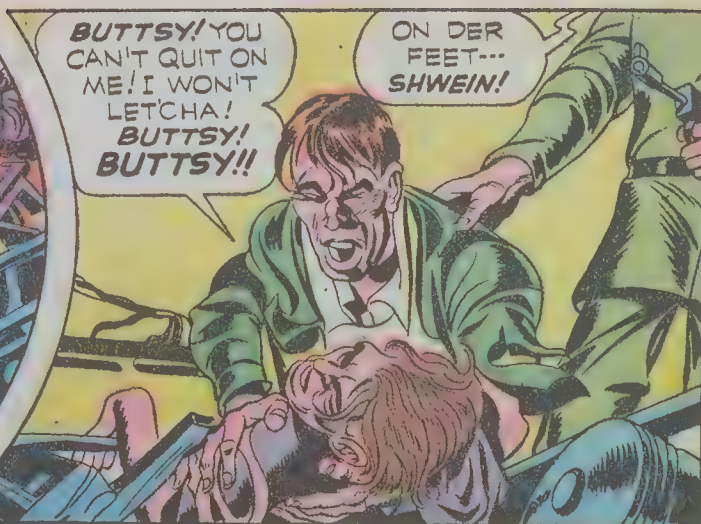


**YOU MUST BE  
NAZIS! YOU DID  
THIS! YOU KILLED  
BUTTSY!**



**I'M NOT INTERESTED  
IN YOUR CODE OF ETHICS!  
THE THIRD REICH DEMANDS  
INFORMATION! WHERE  
WAS THIS SHIP BOUND  
FOR? WHAT CARGO DOES  
SHE CARRY? AND...**

**OKAY! I'LL  
GIVE YA  
WHAT'CHER  
ASKIN' FOR!**



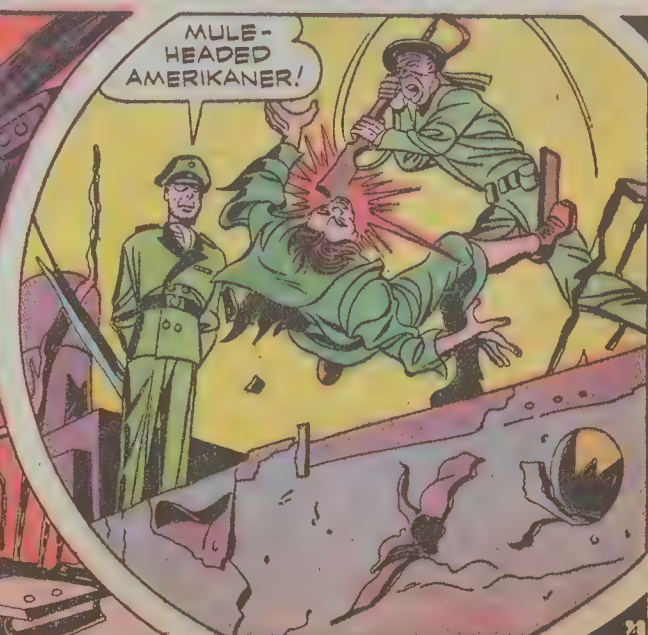
**BUTTSY! YOU  
CAN'T QUIT ON  
ME! I WON'T  
LETCHA!  
BUTTSY!  
BUTTSY!!**

**ON DER  
FEET...  
SHWEIN!**



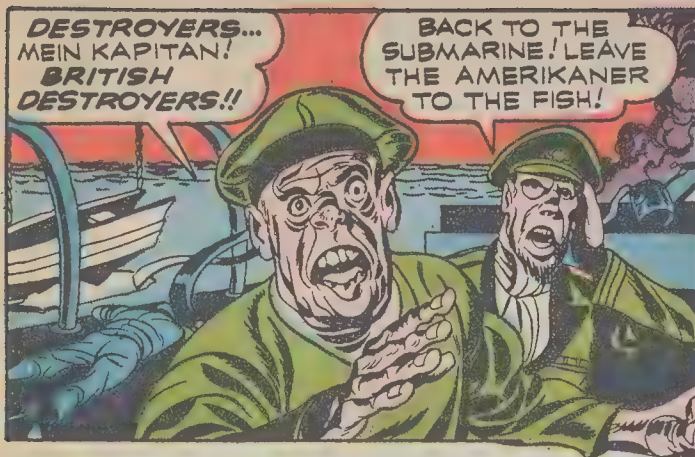
**YOUR FRIEND'S  
DEATH IS  
UNIMPORTANT  
TO US! IT IS  
THE SHIP WE  
ARE AFTER!**

**YOU DIDN'T GIVE US A  
CHANCE! NO WARNING!  
JUST LIKE SHOOTING-  
A GUY IN  
THE BACK!**



**MULE-  
HEADED  
AMERIKANER!**





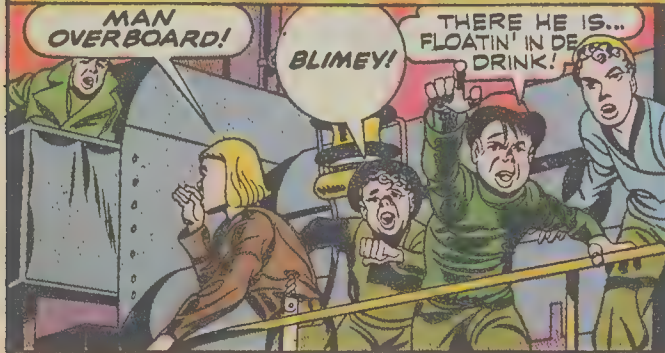
DESTROYERS...  
MEIN KAPITAN!  
BRITISH  
DESTROYERS!!

BACK TO THE  
SUBMARINE! LEAVE  
THE AMERIKANER  
TO THE FISH!

LEAVING THE SINKING TANKER, THE  
NAZIS QUICKLY SUBMERGE AS A FLOTILLA  
OF BRITISH DESTROYERS SPEEDS TO THE  
SCENE OF DESTRUCTION!



MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP OF THE  
DESTROYER SQUADRON...

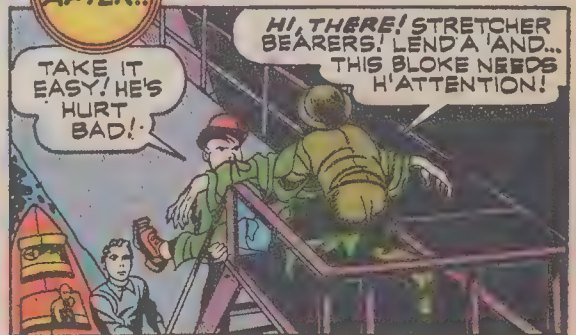


MAN  
OVERBOARD!

BLIMEY!

THERE HE IS...  
FLOATIN' IN DE  
DRINK!

SOON  
AFTER...



TAKE IT  
EASY, HE'S  
HURT  
BAD!

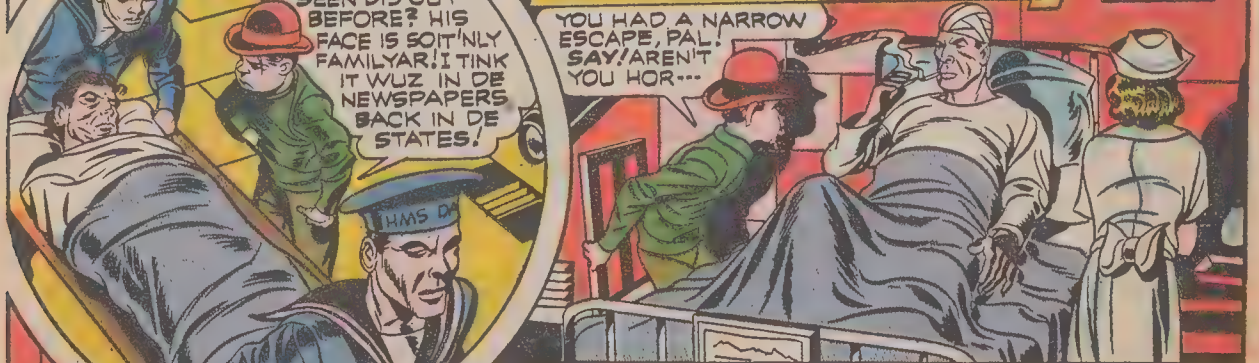
HI, THERE! STRETCHER  
BEARERS! LEND A HAND...  
THIS BLOKE NEEDS  
H'ATTENTION!



WHERE'VE I  
SEEN DIS GUY  
BEFORE? HIS  
FACE IS SOIT'NLY  
FAMILIAR. I TINK  
IT WUZ IN DE  
NEWSPAPERS  
BACK IN DE  
STATES!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, BROOKLYN  
VISITS THE HOSPITAL ROOM.....

YOU HAD A NARROW  
ESCAPE, PAL.  
SAY! AREN'T  
YOU HOR...



BLUB...

THAT'LL BE  
ALL, SISTER! I  
WANNA TALK TA  
ME LITTLE  
CHUM HERE!

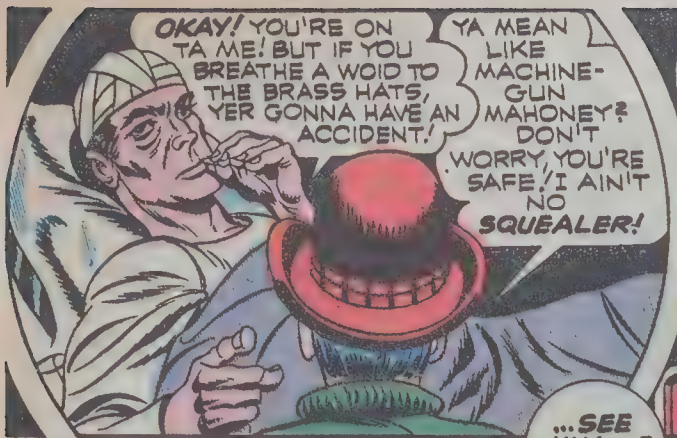
AFTER THE NURSE LEAVES...

YA GOT ME  
TAGGED WRONG,  
KID! ME NAME  
IS JONES! GET  
IT? JONES!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT  
MALARKY! I'VE  
SEEN ENOUGH O'YER  
PICTURES TA KNOW  
BETTER!







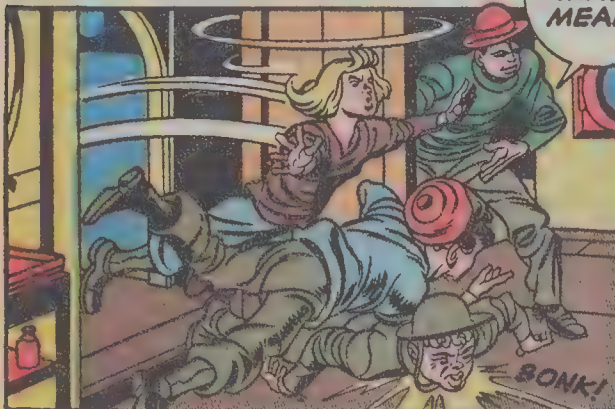
OKAY! YOU'RE ON TA ME! BUT IF YOU BREATHE A WOID TO THE BRASS HATS, YER GONNA HAVE AN ACCIDENT!

YA MEAN LIKE MACHINE-GUN MAHONEY? DON'T WORRY, YOU'RE SAFE, I AIN'T NO SQUEALER!

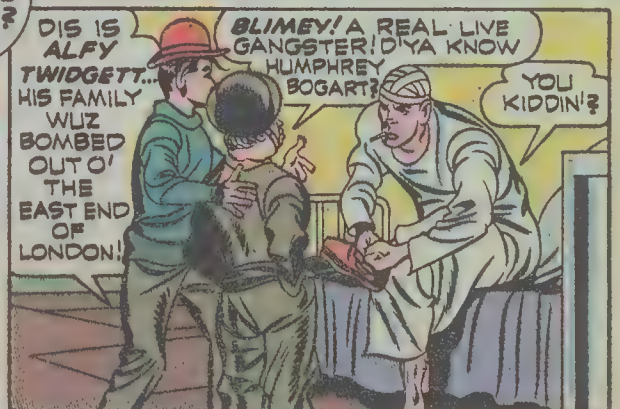
...SEE WHAT I MEAN?



BUT I'LL ONLY TELL ME GANG ABOUT IT! THEY KIN KEEP THEIR MOUTHS CLOSED...AND BESIDES, THEY'RE PROBABLY LISTENING ANYWAY!



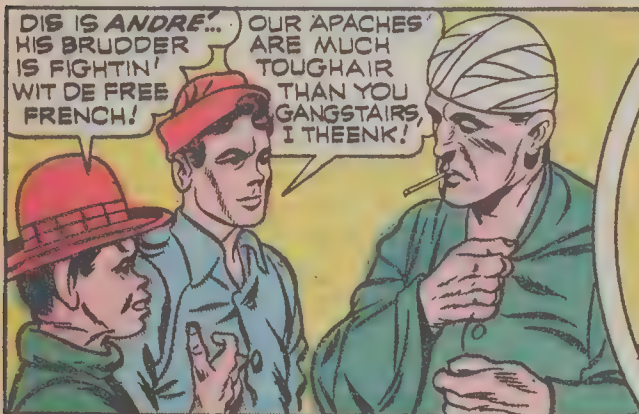
BONKI!



DIS IS ALFY TWIDGETT... HIS FAMILY WUZ BOMBED OUT O' THE EAST END OF LONDON!

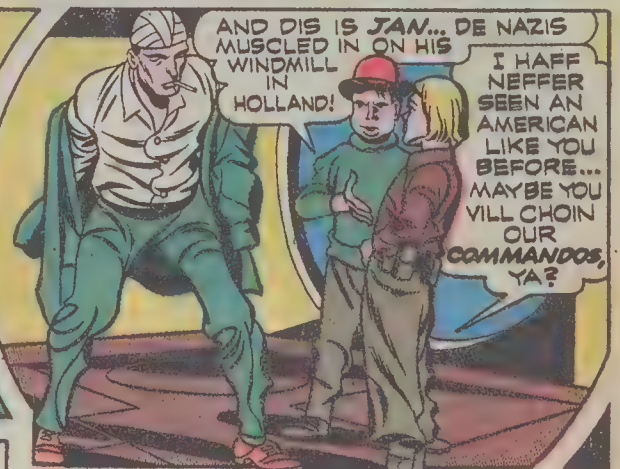
BLIMEY! A REAL-LIVE GANGSTER! D'YA KNOW HUMPHREY BOGART?

YOU KIDDIN'?



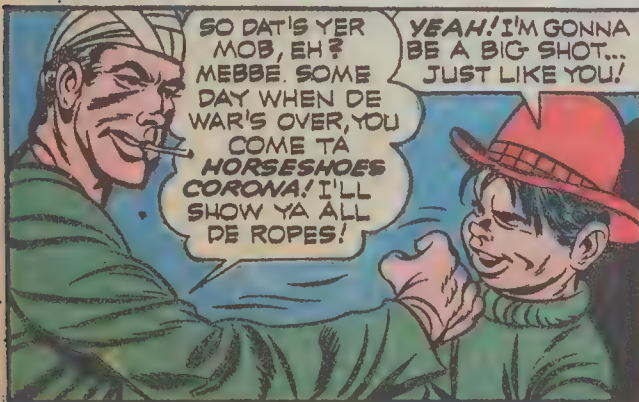
DIS IS ANDRE? HIS BRUDDER IS FIGHTIN' WIT DE FREE FRENCH!

OUR APACHES ARE MUCH TOUGH AIR THAN YOU GANGSTAIRS, I THEENK!



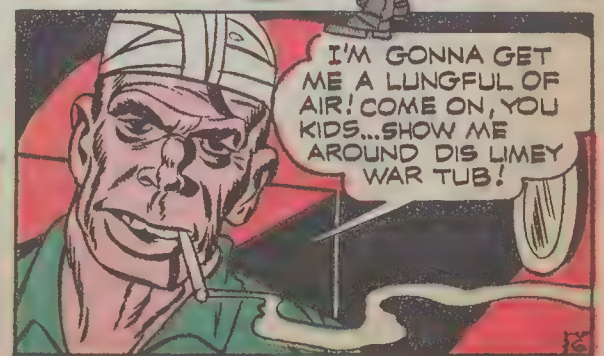
AND DIS IS JAN... DE NAZIS MUSCLED IN ON HIS WINDMILL IN HOLLAND!

I HAFF NEFFER SEEN AN AMERICAN LIKE YOU BEFORE... MAYBE YOU VILL CHOIN OUR COMMANDOS, YA?



SO DAT'S YER MOB, EH? MEBBE. SOME DAY WHEN DE WAR'S OVER, YOU COME TA HORSESHOES CORONA! I'LL SHOW YA ALL DE ROPES!

YEAH! I'M GONNA BE A BIG SHOT... JUST LIKE YOU!



I'M GONNA GET ME A LUNGFUL OF AIR! COME ON, YOU KIDS...SHOW ME AROUND DIS LIMY WAR TUB!



*The FALSE GLAMOUR OF NOTORIOUS FIGURES LIKE HORSESHOES CORONA HAS ALWAYS BEEN A MAGNET WHICH HAS ATTRACTED THE IMAGINATIONS OF BOYISH MINDS, AND IN THE DAYS TO FOLLOW, THE BOY COMMANDOS LISTEN, FASCINATED BY THE HAIR-RAISING EXPLOITS OF THE GANGSTER'S CAREER!*

SO DAT NIGHT WE WAIT FER DOSE HIJACKERS! DEY PULLS UP IN TRUCKS AND COVER OUR DRIVERS WIT TOMMIES! WHEN DEY STARTED SWIPIN' STUFF, MY BOYS COME FROM BEHIND DE CRATES BLAZIN' AWAY!

BULLY FOR YOU BLOKES!

Y'SEE, YA GOTTA MAKE DE OTHER LUG SEE YER VIEWPOINT! IF HE DON'T WANNA COME 'ROUND.. A PAIR O' BRASS KNUCKLES WILL OPEN HIS EYES!

JONES! I WANT TO SEE YOU! WE'LL TALK IN MY QUARTERS!

YOU HOLDING SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES?

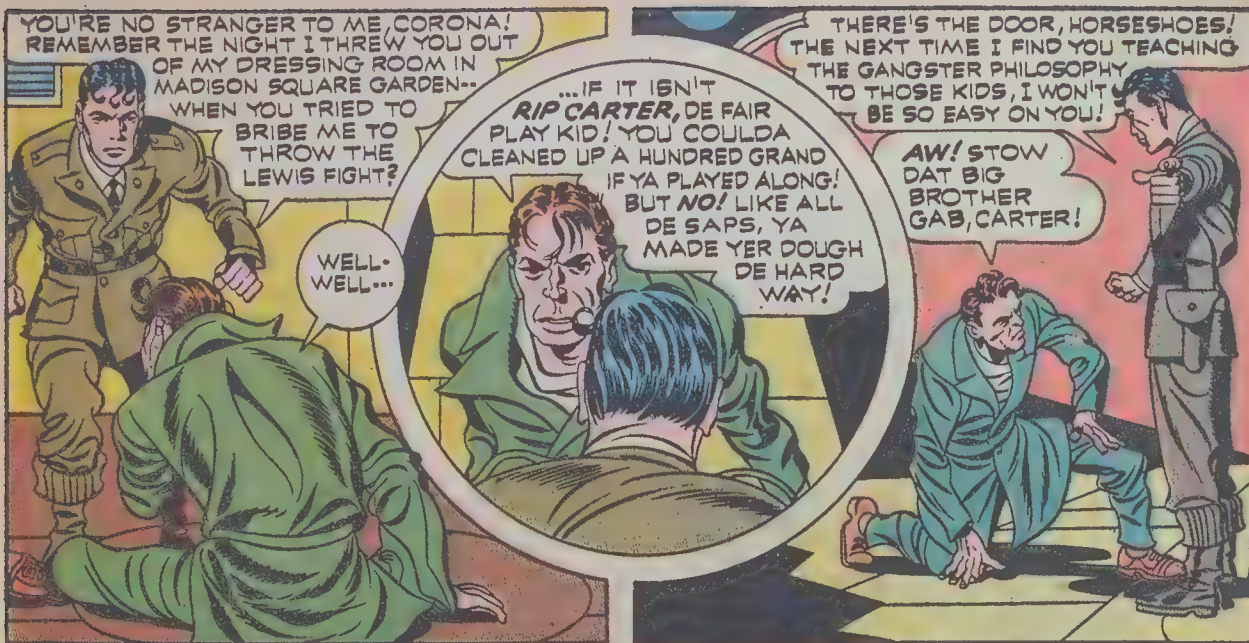
AW, I WUZ JIST TEACHIN'! THE KIDS DE ROPES SO DEY WON'T GROW UP TA BE SAPS!

HERE'S SOMETHING YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, CHUMP!

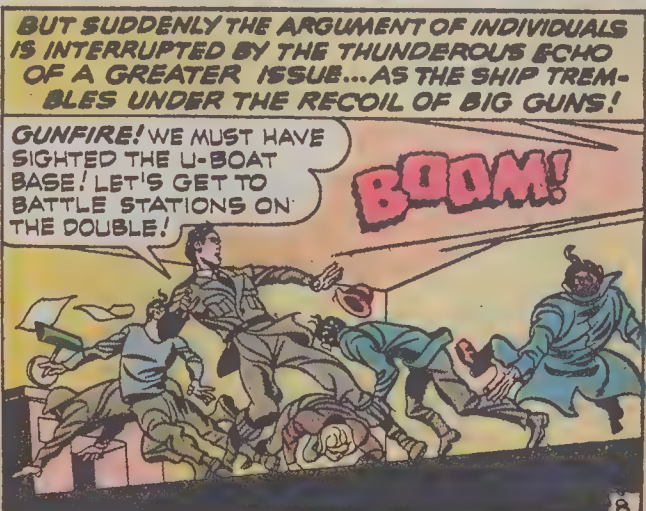
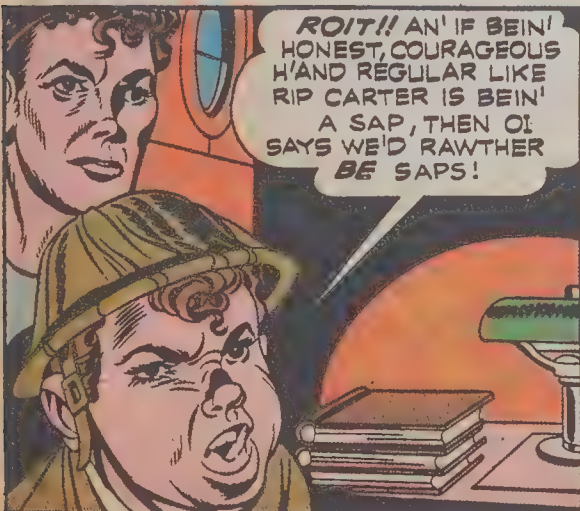
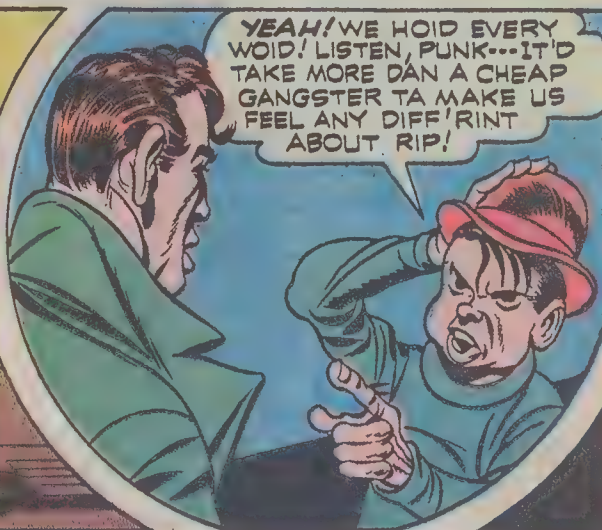
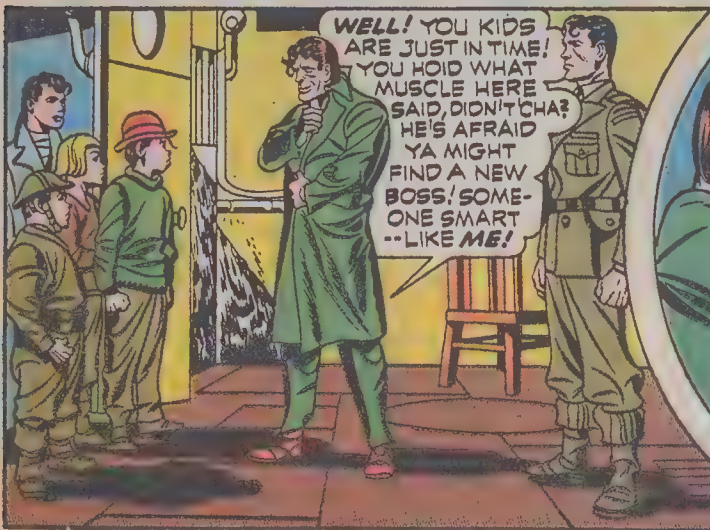
YOU DID, TOO, CORONA!





THERE'S THE DOOR, HORSESHOES! THE NEXT TIME I FIND YOU TEACHING THE GANGSTER PHILOSOPHY TO THOSE KIDS, I WON'T BE SO EASY ON YOU!

AW! STOW DAT BIG BROTHER GAB, CARTER!

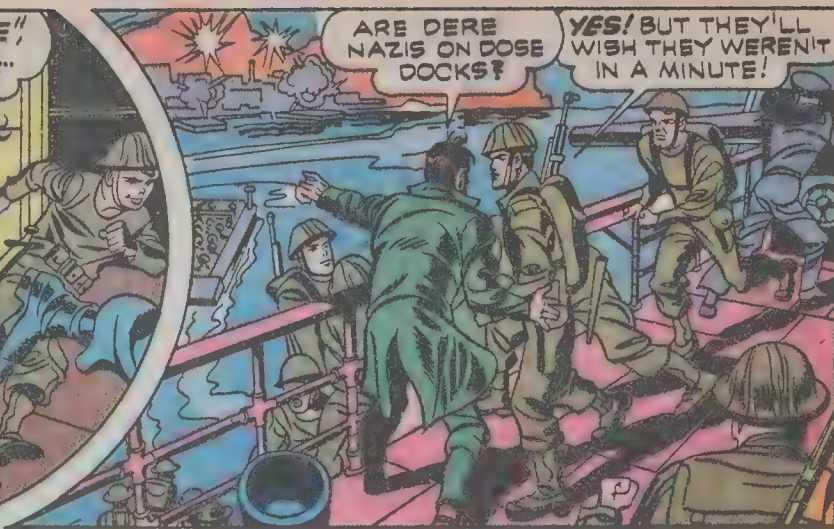






HEY!  
WHAT'S  
GOIN' ON  
HERE!

"LA GUERRE,"  
MY FRIEND...  
THE WAR!



ARE DERE  
NAZIS ON DOSE  
DOCKS?

YES! BUT THEY'LL  
WISH THEY WEREN'T  
IN A MINUTE!

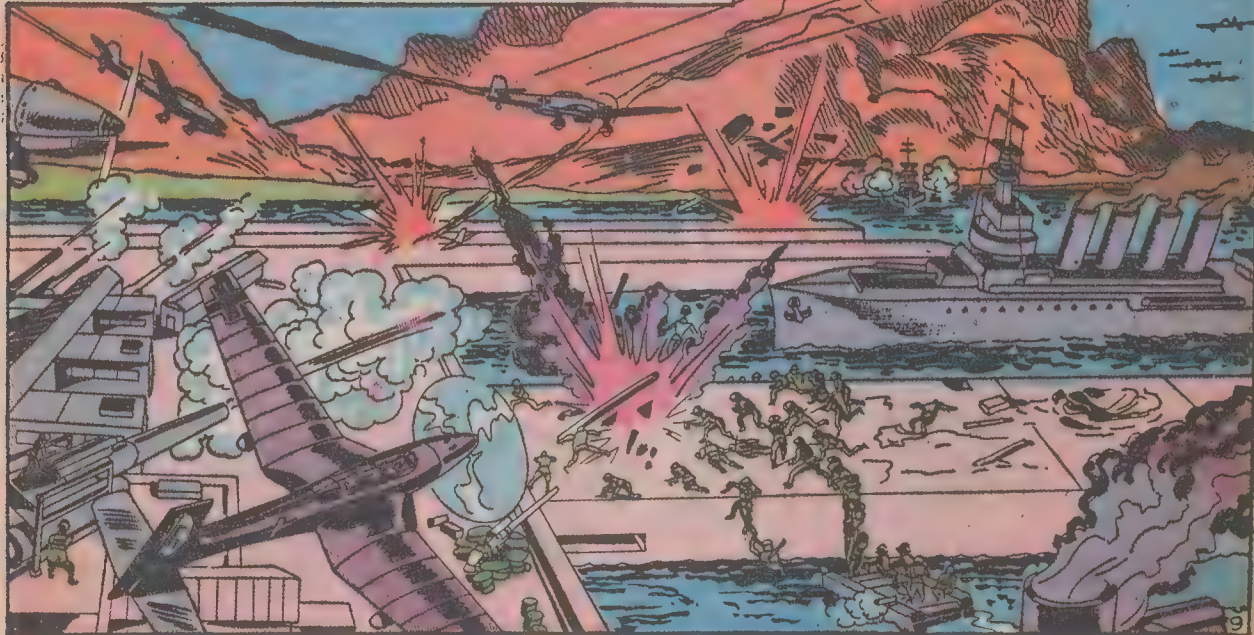
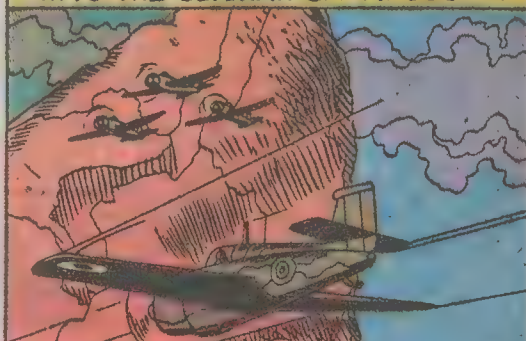


WHA-?

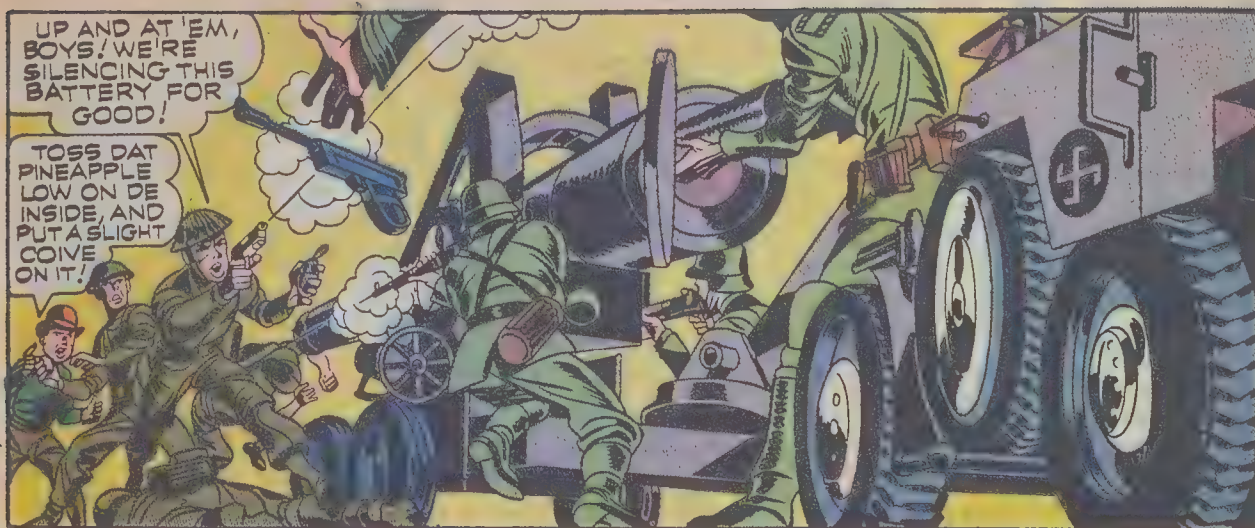
GIMME  
DAT TYPE-  
WRITER!

I'M  
GOIN' WIT'CHA!

**UNDER THE HEAVY SHELLFIRE FROM THE ENEMY SHORE BATTERIES AND THE SCREAMING BOMBS OF DEATH-DIVING STUKAS, THE COMMANDOS SWARM OVER THE NAZI U-BOAT HIDEOUT... WHILE THE GREY HULK OF THEIR OLD DESTROYER DRIFTS INTO THE GERMAN CANAL LOCKS!**

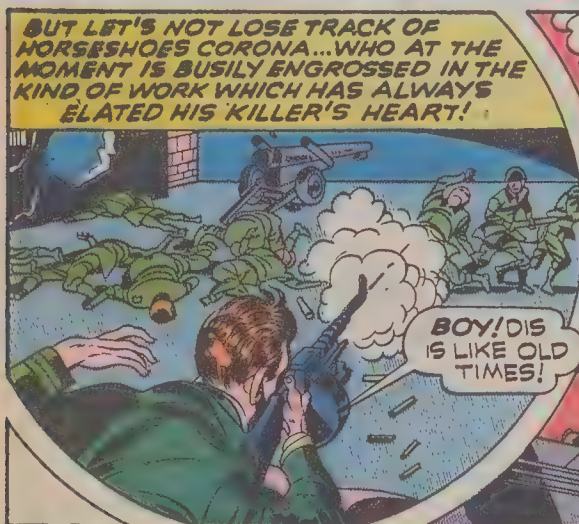






UP AND AT 'EM, BOYS! WE'RE SILENCING THIS BATTERY FOR GOOD!

TOSS DAT PINEAPPLE LOW ON DE INSIDE, AND PUT A SLIGHT COVE ON IT!

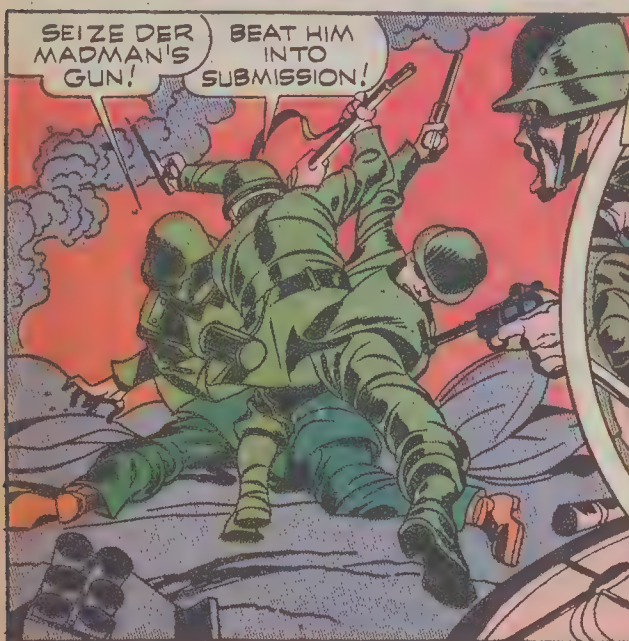


BUT LET'S NOT LOSE TRACK OF HORSESHOES CORONA...WHO AT THE MOMENT IS BUSILY ENGROSSED IN THE KIND OF WORK WHICH HAS ALWAYS ELATED HIS KILLER'S HEART!

BOY! DIS IS LIKE OLD TIMES!



HA-HA-HA-HA!!! JUST LIKE A SHOOTIN' GALLERY! DEY'RE KEELIN' OVER LIKE WOODEN DUCKS!



SEIZE DER MADMAN'S GUN!

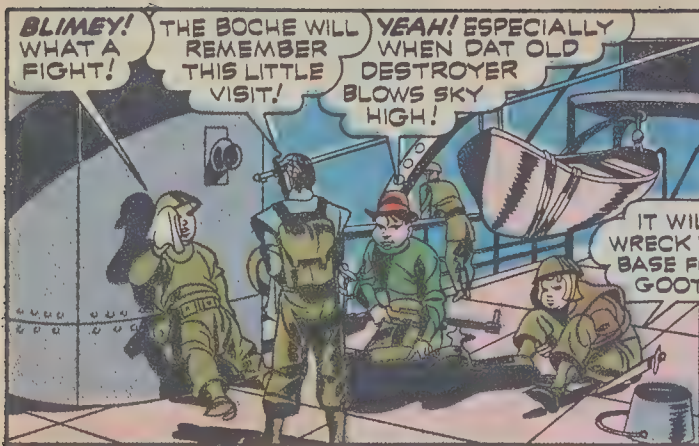
BEAT HIM INTO SUBMISSION!



MEANWHILE, WITH THE OLD DESTROYER, DRIFTING WELL WITHIN THE LOCKS, THE COMMANDOS RETIRE TO THE OTHER BRITISH WARSHIPS AS NEWLY ARRIVED NAZI REINFORCEMENTS HEAVILY OVERBALANCE THE UNEQUAL STRUGGLE!

EASY, PAL! WE'LL GET'CHA TREATED IN A SECOND!



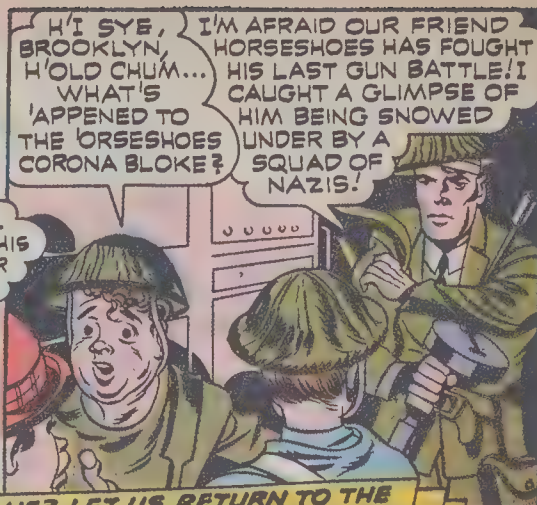


**BLIMEY!**  
WHAT A  
FIGHT!

THE BOCHE WILL  
REMEMBER  
THIS LITTLE  
VISIT!

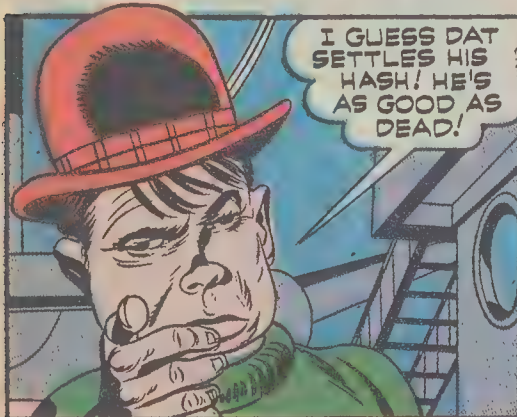
**YEAH! ESPECIALLY**  
WHEN DAT OLD  
DESTROYER  
BLOWS SKY  
HIGH!

IT WILL  
WRECK THIS  
BASE FOR  
GODT!

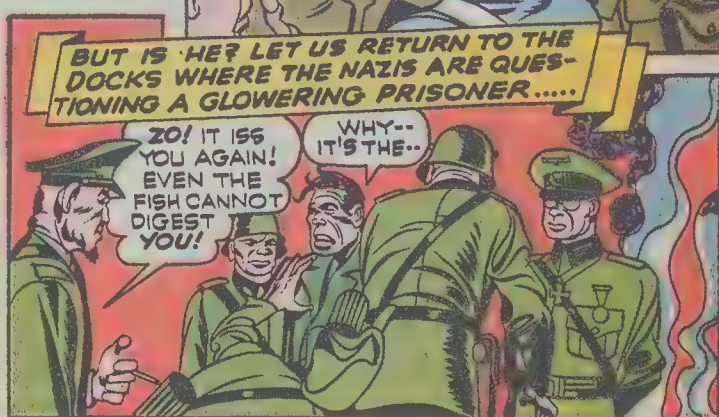


H'I SYE,  
BROOKLYN,  
H'OLD CHUM...  
WHAT'S  
'APPENED TO  
THE 'ORSESHOES  
CORONA BLOKE?

I'M AFRAID OUR FRIEND  
HORSESHOES HAS FOUGHT  
HIS LAST GUN BATTLE! I  
CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF  
HIM BEING SNOWED  
UNDER BY A  
SQUAD OF  
NAZIS!



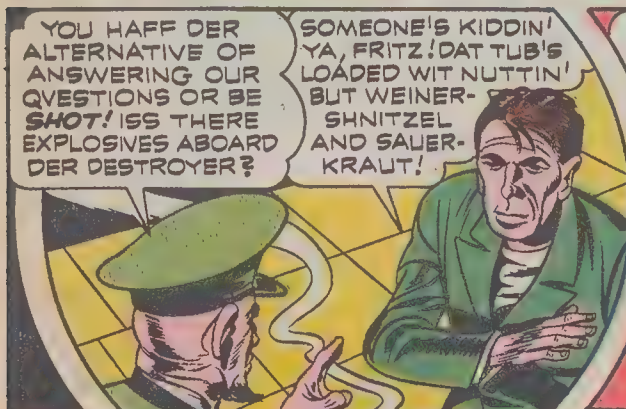
I GUESS DAT  
SETTLES HIS  
HASH! HE'S  
AS GOOD AS  
DEAD!



**BUT IS HE? LET US RETURN TO THE  
DOCKS WHERE THE NAZIS ARE QUES-  
TIONING A GLOWERING PRISONER.....**

ZO! IT ISS  
YOU AGAIN!  
EVEN THE  
FISH CANNOT  
DIGEST  
YOU!

WHY--  
IT'S THE--

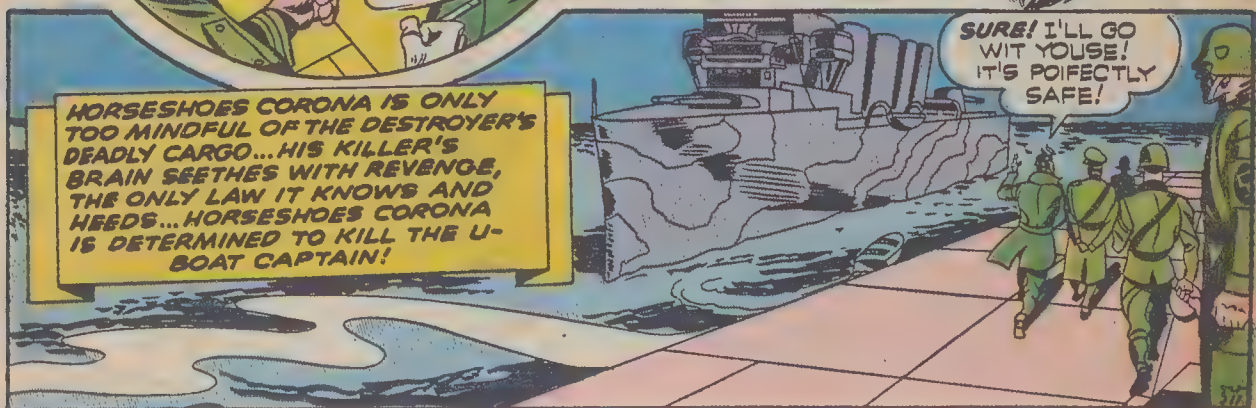


YOU HAFF DER  
ALTERNATIVE OF  
ANSWERING OUR  
QUESTIONS OR BE  
**SHOT!** ISS THERE  
EXPLOSIVES ABOARD  
DER DESTROYER?

SOMEONE'S KIDDIN!  
YA, FRITZ! DAT TUB'S  
LOADED WIT NUTTIN!  
BUT WEINER-  
SHNITZEL  
AND SAUER-  
KRAUT!



IF THAT LITTLE JOKE  
INFERS DERE ISS NO  
DYNAMITE ABOARD  
DOT VARSHIP, VE  
VILL GIFF YOU A  
JANTZ TO CONVINCE  
UZ...VILL YOU COME  
ABOARD MIT US TO  
EXAMINE IT?



**SURE! I'LL GO  
WIT YOUSE!  
IT'S POEFTLY  
SAFE!**

**HORSESHOES CORONA IS ONLY  
TOO MINDFUL OF THE DESTROYER'S  
DEADLY CARGO...HIS KILLER'S  
BRAIN SEETHES WITH REVENGE,  
THE ONLY LAW IT KNOWS AND  
HEEDS...HORSESHOES CORONA  
IS DETERMINED TO KILL THE U-  
BOAT CAPTAIN!**



**BUT THE TENSE LITTLE DRAMA ON THE DOCKS HAS AN OFF-SHORE AUDIENCE!**

LOOK! I SEE CORONA! HE'S TAKIN' DOSE NAZIS ONTO DE TUB!

THE FOOL! HE KNOWS THAT SHIP IS DUE TO GO ANY SECOND!

VOT'S DOWN DERE?

**BUTTSY!**

SNAP!

**AS CORONA PULLS THE EXPLOSIVE RELEASE....**

HE-HE BLEW HIMSELF UP... INTENTIONALLY!

OOOH... 'T WUZ 'ORRIBLE!

BOY! IT TOOK SPUNK T'DO DAT!

I-I STILL DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHY--I--I--

HE TOOK THOSE NAZIS WITH HIM!

WHO KNOWS WHAT BOILS IN THE STRANGE MINDS OF MEN LIKE HORSESHOES CORONA? ALL I KNOW IS THAT HE HELPED ACCOMPLISH OUR MISSION!

TO COMMANDO CORONA... FOR GALLANTRY IN ACTION!

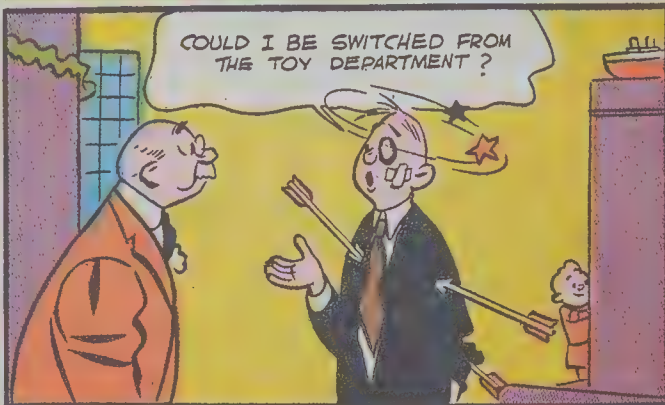
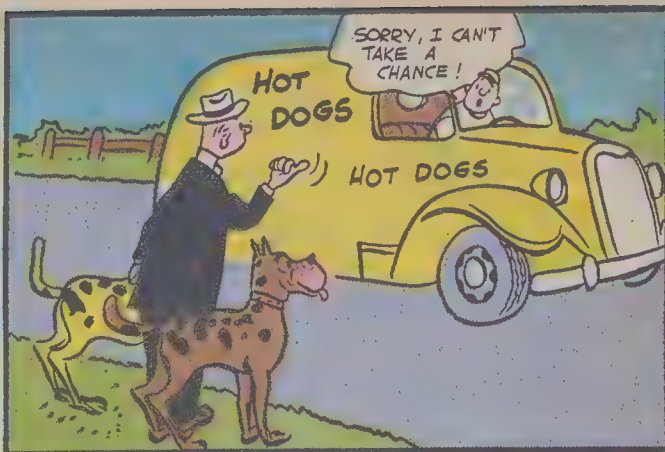
**...AND SO, IRONICALLY ENOUGH, A GLORIOUS DEED WRITES THE FINISHING LINE TO THE INFAMOUS CAREER OF HORSESHOES CORONA!**

**NEXT MONTH THE BOY COMMANDOS GO TO WORK ON THE JAPS....**

**WOW!**



# GAGS



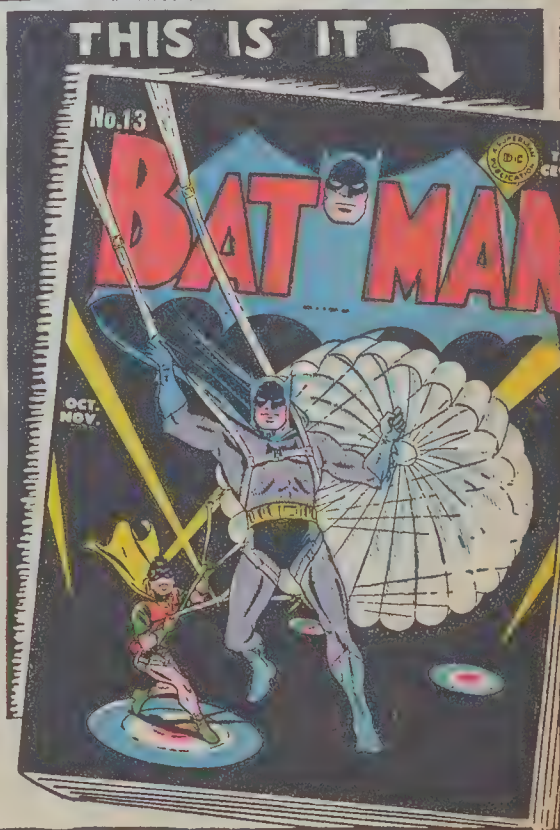
## EXTRA! BATMAN AND ROBIN SPLIT UP!

WHAT CAUSED THIS GREATEST OF CRIME-BUSTING TEAMS TO BREAK UP?  
 WHY DID THE FRIENDSHIP OF BATMAN AND ROBIN DISSOLVE IN BITTERNESS?  
 HOW CAN THE MIGHTY CHAMPION SUCCEED WITHOUT HIS LOYAL COMRADE?  
 WILL THEY GET TOGETHER AGAIN--- OR IS THEIR PARTING FINAL?

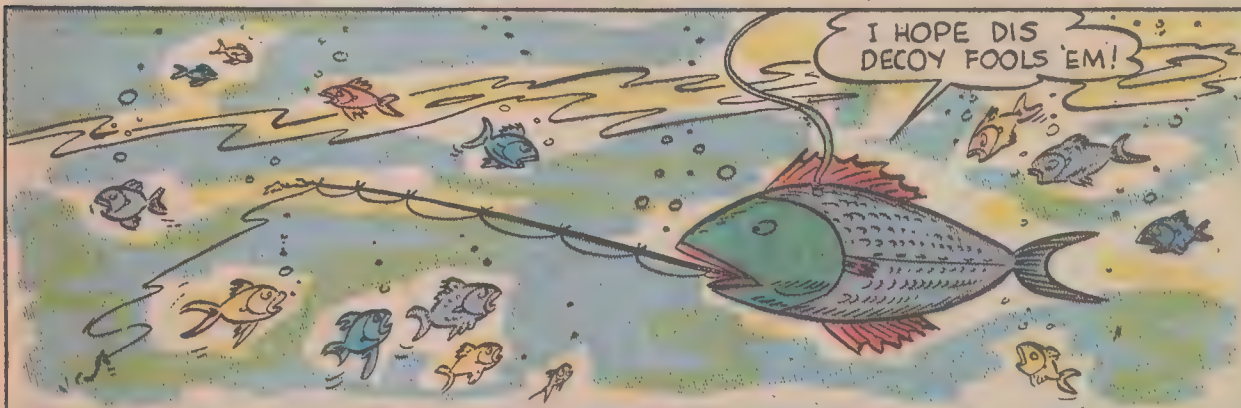
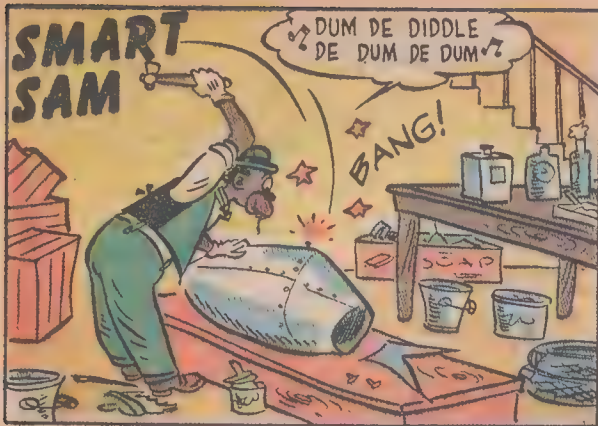
YOU'LL FIND THE STARTLING ANSWERS TO ALL THESE THRILLING QUESTIONS IN "THE BATMAN PLAYS A LONE HAND"

---WHICH IS JUST ONE OF THE FOUR TERRIFIC BATMAN STORIES

IN BATMAN No.13 ON SALE AUG.12<sup>TH</sup>







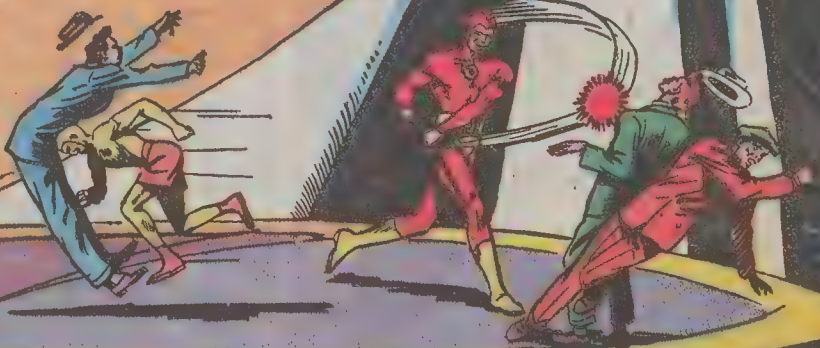


WHEN CUNNING RACKETEERS CONTRIVE TO MAKE A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS SERVE THEIR OWN EVIL ENDS, IT IS THE SIGNAL FOR LEE TRAVIS TO SHED THE DRAB MUFF-TI OF CIVILIAN LIFE AND ROBE HIMSELF AGAIN IN THE RED-TINTED RAIMENT OF THE **CRIMSON AVENGER**! FAITHFUL IN FRIENDSHIP... REMORSELESS AGAINST RUTHLESS RENEGADES... THE SCARLET-HUED LAWMAN DISREGARDS DEADLY DANGER AS HE RACES THE CLOCK... TRYING TO BRING TO AN EARLY END—

**"CRIME ON THE HALF-MOON!"**

# THE **CRIMSON AVENGER**

BY JACK LENTI







I REPEAT, MY DEAR SIR, THIS IS THE MOST EXCLUSIVE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY IN TOWN...AND WE DEAL ONLY WITH THE FINEST PEOPLE! AS SOLE OWNER, I SHOULD KNOW!!

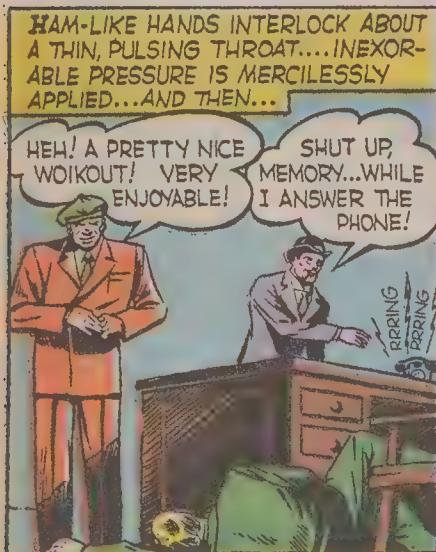


OUR FRIEND SAYS HE DEALS ONLY WITH THE FINEST PEOPLE! WELL... WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, MR. MEMORY?

'SCUSE ME, GABBY...YOU KNOW MY MEMORY AIN'T SO GOOD!



WH-WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT ...AND WHY D-DO YOU COME SO NEAR?



HAM-LIKE HANDS INTERLOCK ABOUT A THIN, PULSING THROAT...INEXORABLE PRESSURE IS MERCILESSLY APPLIED...AND THEN...

HEH! A PRETTY NICE WOIKOUT! VERY ENJOYABLE!

SHUT UP, MEMORY...WHILE I ANSWER THE PHONE!



WHAT---AH, YES! HARRY JAMES...AN ARTIST...AND YOU WANT A BUTLER TO HELP OUT AT NOON, TODAY! ADDRESS 42 OAK STREET! YES, I'VE GOT IT ALL AND...AH... THANK YOU!

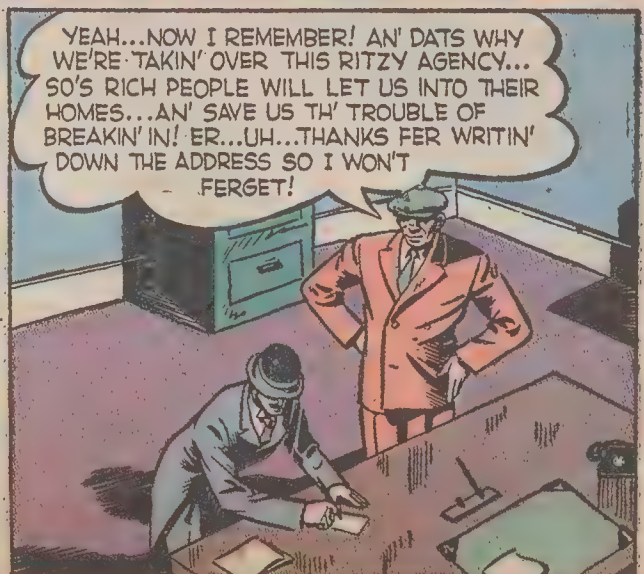


WELL, MEMORY, WHAT'RE YOUR QUALIFICATIONS AS A BUTLER?

ARE YOU KIDDIN' ME, GABBY? I'M A HANDY GUY WIT' ME MITTS, AN' I'LL DO ANYTHING FER DOUGH...BUT...



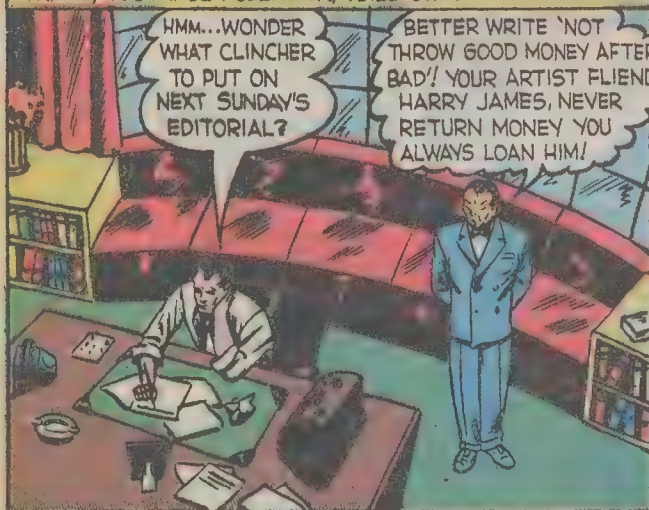
HARRY JAMES MUST BE A RICH ARTIST TO AFFORD A BUTLER...WHICH MEANS HE'S NOT ONLY GOT VALUABLE PAINTINGS...BUT SILKS AND JEWELS TO DRAPE THE RICH DAMES HE PAINTS! REMEMBER??



YEAH...NOW I REMEMBER! AN' DATS WHY WE'RE TAKIN' OVER THIS RITZY AGENCY... SO'S RICH PEOPLE WILL LET US INTO THEIR HOMES...AN' SAVE US TH' TROUBLE OF BREAKIN' IN! ER...UH...THANKS FER WRITIN' DOWN THE ADDRESS SO I WON'T FERGET!



NOW WE MOVE TO THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN WHERE LEE TRAVIS, YOUTHFUL PUBLISHER, TOILS OVER AN EDITORIAL!



HMM...WONDER WHAT CLINCHER TO PUT ON NEXT SUNDAY'S EDITORIAL?

BETTER WRITE 'NOT THROW GOOD MONEY AFTER BAD!' YOUR ARTIST FIEND, HARRY JAMES, NEVER RETURN MONEY YOU ALWAYS LOAN HIM!

BEFORE TRAVIS CAN ANSWER HIS ORIENTAL CHAUFFEUR, WING.....



L-LOOK! ALLA TIME BAD LUCK! WHO COME NOW TO BLING HEAVY WOE??

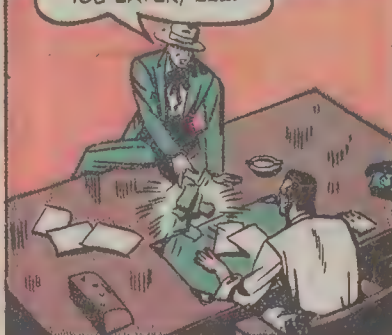
THE DOOR IS OPENED SLOWLY, AND...



WHY, IT'S HARRY JAMES! WHAT'S UP, FELLA?

CONGRATULATE ME! I FINALLY SOLD A PAINTING!

HERE'S THE MONEY YOU'VE LOANED ME...AND AT NOON YOU'RE COMING OVER TO MY PLACE FOR A CELEBRATION! I'M SO HAPPY I PHONED THE SWANKIEST AGENCY IN TOWN TO SEND OVER A BUTLER FOR THE AFTERNOON! SEE YOU LATER, LEE!

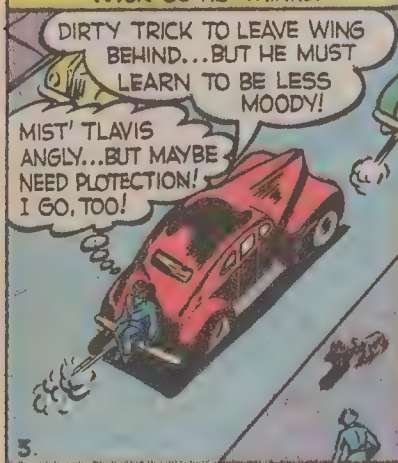


I'M SINGING IN THE RAIN...?

BAH! SO SOON GETS MONEY... THROWS IT AWAY!

YOU'RE GETTING CYNICAL, WING... WHICH MEANS YOU'RE GETTING OLD! HMM... TOO OLD TO GO TO HARRY'S PARTY!

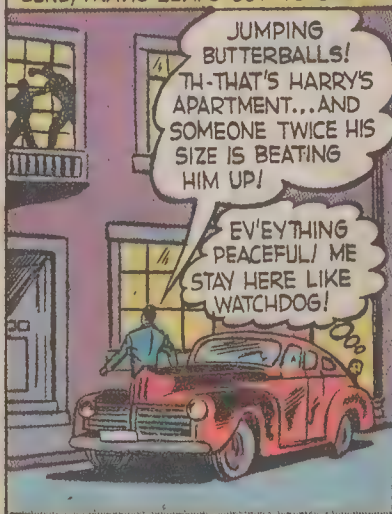
AND SO...SOON AFTER...LEE TRAVIS WHEELS HIS CAR THROUGH THE CITY'S TEEMING TRAFFIC...ALONE ...OR SO HE THINKS!



DIRTY TRICK TO LEAVE WING BEHIND...BUT HE MUST LEARN TO BE LESS MOODY!

MIST' TRAVIS ANGLY...BUT MAYBE NEED PROTECTION! I GO, TOO!

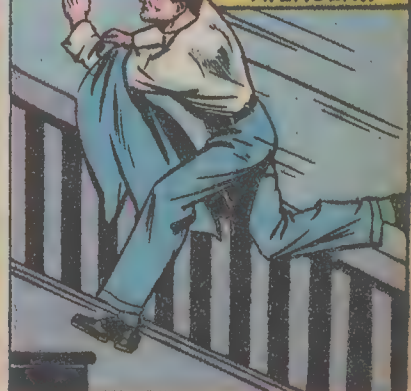
EXPERTLY GUIDING HIS CAR TO THE CURB, TRAVIS LEAPS OUT TO SEE...



JUMPING BUTTERBALLS! TH-THAT'S HARRY'S APARTMENT...AND SOMEONE TWICE HIS SIZE IS BEATING HIM UP!

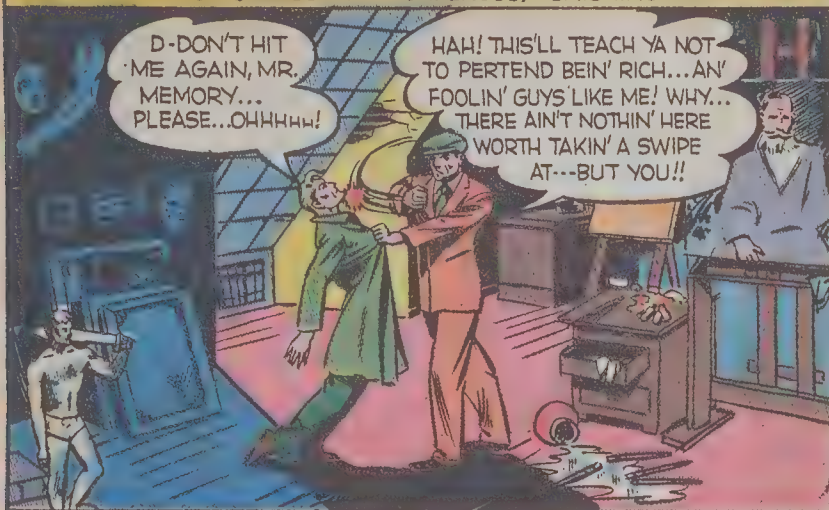
EV'YTHING PEACEFUL! ME STAY HERE LIKE WATCHDOG!

FEET FURIOUSLY CHURNING...LEE TRAVIS RACES INTO THE BUILDING... SHEDDING CLOTHES AS HE RUNS... AND REVEALING HIMSELF AS THAT GRIM GRAPPLER AGAINST CRIME... THE CRIMSON AVENGER!!





ONE FLIGHT UP...AND IN A SPARSELY FURNISHED STUDIO A MASSIVE  
FIST SWINGS IN A PONDEROUS, PUNISHING ARC!

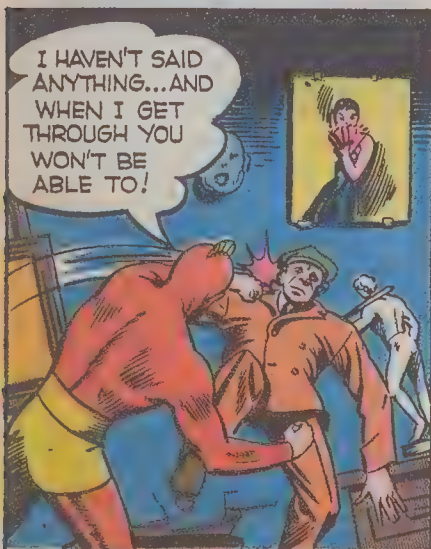


D-DON'T HIT  
ME AGAIN, MR.  
MEMORY...  
PLEASE...OHHHHH!

HAH! THIS'LL TEACH YA NOT  
TO PERTEND BEIN' RICH...AN'  
FOOLIN' GUYS LIKE ME! WHY...  
THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' HERE  
WORTH TAKIN' A SWIPE  
AT--BUT YOU!!



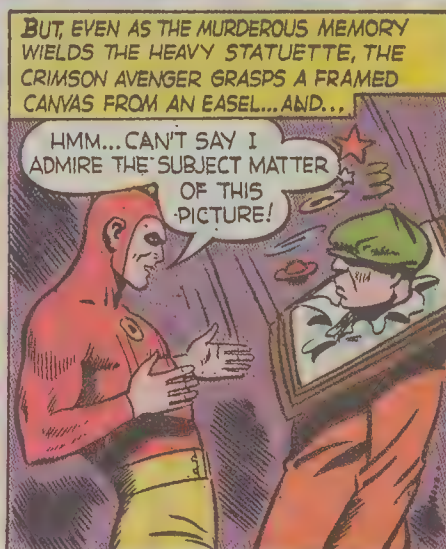
YA MAY BE  
UNCONSCIOUS...  
BUT I'M STILL  
GONNA BUST....HUH??



I HAVEN'T SAID  
ANYTHING...AND  
WHEN I GET  
THROUGH YOU  
WON'T BE  
ABLE TO!

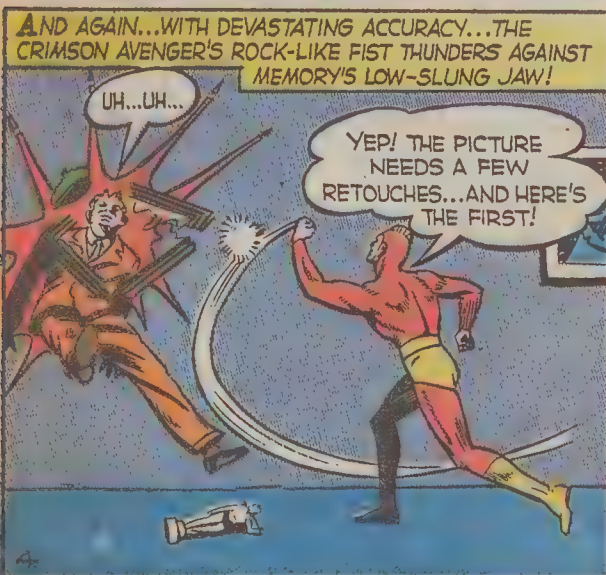


I'LL KONK DAT  
GUY SO HARD  
HE'LL BOUNCE  
FER A WEEK!



BUT, EVEN AS THE MURDEROUS MEMORY  
WIELDS THE HEAVY STATUETTE, THE  
CRIMSON AVENGER GRASPS A FRAMED  
CANVAS FROM AN EASEL...AND...

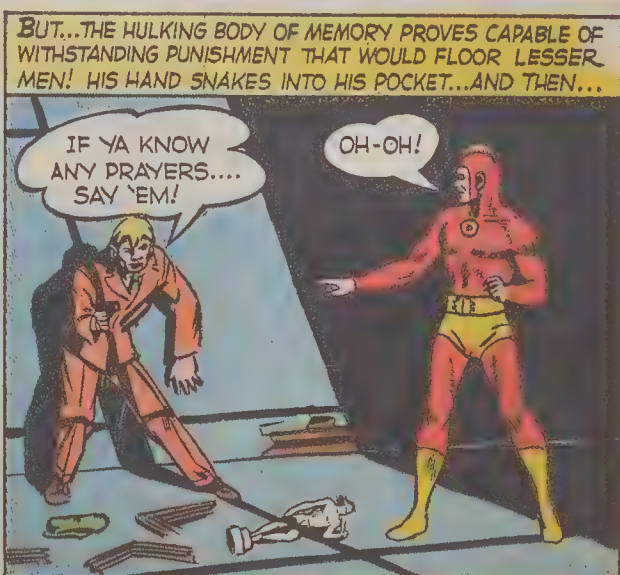
HMM...CAN'T SAY I  
ADMIRE THE SUBJECT MATTER  
OF THIS  
PICTURE!



AND AGAIN...WITH DEVASTATING ACCURACY...THE  
CRIMSON AVENGER'S ROCK-LIKE FIST THUNDERS AGAINST  
MEMORY'S LOW-SLUNG JAW!

UH...UH...

YEP! THE PICTURE  
NEEDS A FEW  
RETOUCHES...AND HERE'S  
THE FIRST!



BUT...THE HULKING BODY OF MEMORY PROVES CAPABLE OF  
WITHSTANDING PUNISHMENT THAT WOULD FLOOR LESSER  
MEN! HIS HAND SNAKES INTO HIS POCKET...AND THEN...

IF YA KNOW  
ANY PRAYERS....  
SAY 'EM!

OH-OH!



**FASTER THAN MEMORY'S PUDGY FINGER CAN PRESS THE TRIGGER, THE CRIMSON AVENGER'S FOOT FLASHES FORWARD!**



I'M GONNA DRILL YA...OW! ME  
I'VE INTRODUCED YOU TO CIVIC VIRTUE! LIKE IT?

**SECONDS LATER, AWAKENED BY THE SHOTS AND SOUNDS OF STRUGGLING, THE BEATEN ARTIST STAGGERS TO UNSTEADY FEET!**



THERE'S STILL ONE BULLET LEFT!  
OH...MY HEAD!  
WHA -WHAT'S HAPPENING!

**A GRIPPED HAND WRENCHES FREE...A FINGER TIGHTENS...A GUN BLASTS!**



I'M SHOT...  
AHHHHH...

HARRY!  
HARRY!



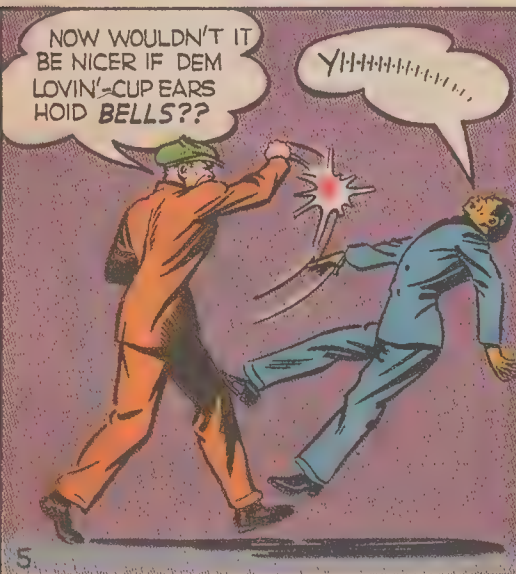
HAW! IF YA ONLY GOT ONE BULLET LEFT...SHOOT TH' HERO'S PAL! TH' HERO WILL STICK WIT' HIS PAL AN' TRY TO SAVE HIM, HA HA! IT'S EASY WHEN YA KNOW HOW!

**BUT...MEMORY HASN'T COUNTED ON BRAVE, LITTLE WING!**



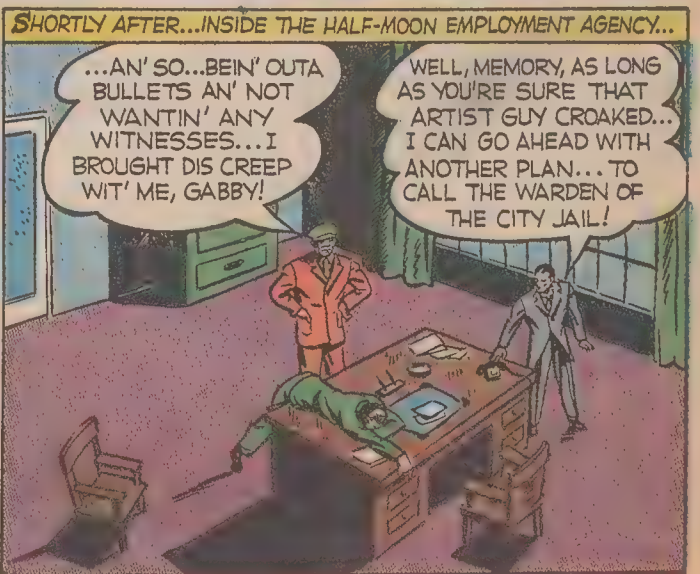
HEY, BIG FELLA...  
WHASSA MALLA YOU RUN AFTER WING HEAR SHOTS FLOM UPSTAIR??

WELL...WELL...  
SO YER LIDDLE EARS HOID SHOTS, EH?



NOW WOULDN'T IT BE NICER IF DEM LOVIN'-CUP EARS HOID BELLS??

YHHHHHHHHH...



**SHORTLY AFTER...INSIDE THE HALF-MOON EMPLOYMENT AGENCY...**

...AN' SO...BEIN' OUTA BULLETS AN' NOT WANTIN' ANY WITNESSES...I BROUGHT DIS CREEP WIT' ME, GABBY!

WELL, MEMORY, AS LONG AS YOU'RE SURE THAT ARTIST GUY CROAKED... I CAN GO AHEAD WITH ANOTHER PLAN... TO CALL THE WARDEN OF THE CITY JAIL!



**A COLD SUSPICION STREAKS  
ACROSS MEMORY'S PEANUT BRAIN!**

SAY! ARE YA  
THINKIN' OF PUTTIN'  
THE FINGER ON  
ME?

KEEP YOUR  
PAWS IN  
YOUR  
POCKET...YOU  
BIG APE...AND  
LISTEN!



HELLO, WARDEN...THIS IS THE  
PROPRIETOR OF THE HALF-MOON  
EMPLOYMENT AGENCY! I...AH...  
KNOW HOW DIFFICULT IT IS FOR  
PAROLED MEN TO FIND WORK...  
SO IF YOU SEND YOUR NEXT  
PAROLEE TO ME I'LL FIND  
HIM A JOB WORTHY OF  
HIS...ER...TALENTS!



HA! EVEN I  
UNDERSTAND!  
WE GET AN EX-CON  
TO PULL JOBS  
FOR US...AN' IF  
HE SQUAWKS, WE  
TOIN HIM IN FOR  
BREAKIN' HIS  
PAROLE!

UP WITH  
HANDS!!



WHO SAID...OHO!  
IT'S YOU  
AGAIN!

WING SORRY SAY  
UN-NICE THINGS 'BOUT  
MIST' HARRY JAMES!  
MAKE UP BY SOCKEE  
MAN WHO SHOOT HIM!



YOU GOT  
SPUNK, LIDDLE  
GUY... BUT YOU  
HEARS TOO  
MUCH!

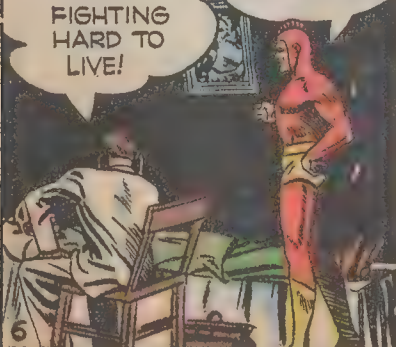
TIE HIM UP!  
AFTER DARK,  
WE'LL DUMP  
HIM!



**MEANWHILE...A SUMMONED DOCTOR  
WORKS FEVERISHLY OVER HARRY  
JAMES!**

THAT BULLET  
WAS DANGEROUSLY  
NEAR HIS HEART...  
BUT HE'S  
FIGHTING  
HARD TO  
LIVE!

HE MUST  
LIVE! HE...  
HE'S SUCH A  
SWELL KID!



**MINUTES PASS WITH AGONIZING  
SLOWNESS, AND THEN THE  
STRICKEN FIGURE SIGHS...STIRS...  
AND POINTS!**

UH...UH...CH...CHAR...

CHAR-? OH!  
CHARCOAL!

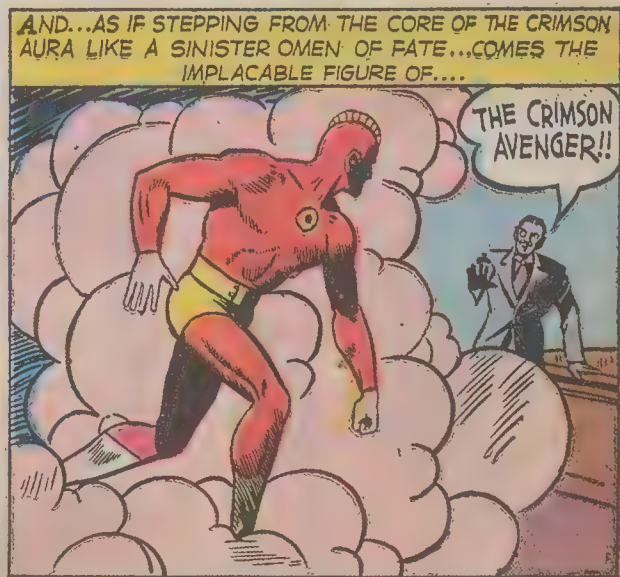
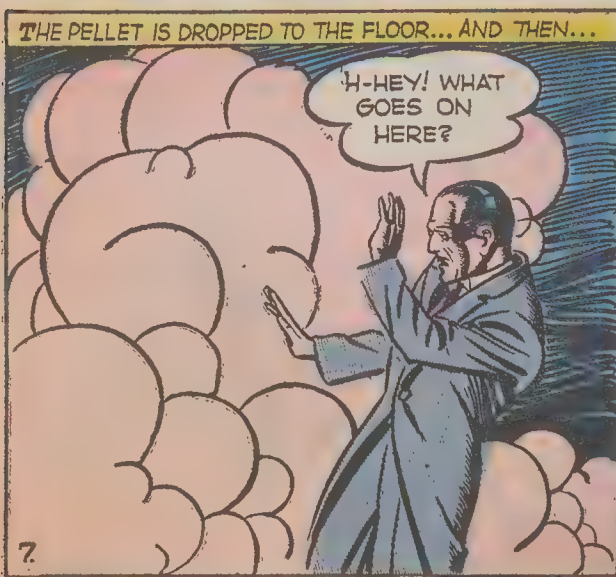
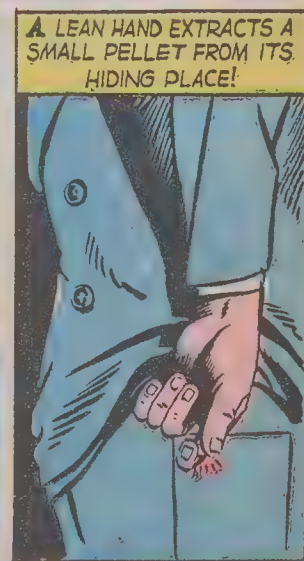
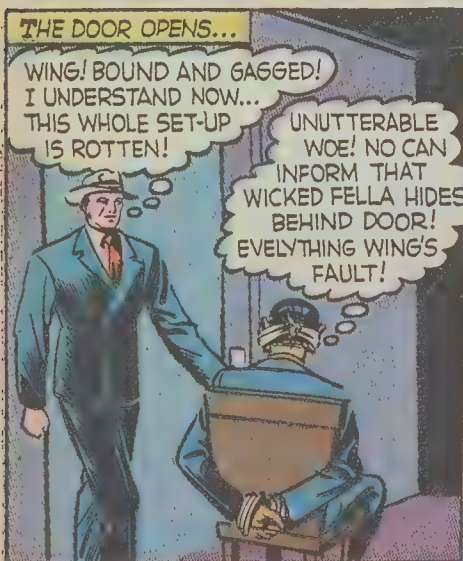


**HOLDING THE STICK OF CHARCOAL,  
THE CRIMSON AVENGER LETS THE  
ARTIST'S HAND GUIDE HIM... AND  
A WAVING LINE OF TELL-TALE  
BLACK IS DRAWN!**

HMMM...THIS COULD BE  
ANYTHING FROM A CHEESE-  
RIND TO A HALF-MOON...  
HALF-MOON!







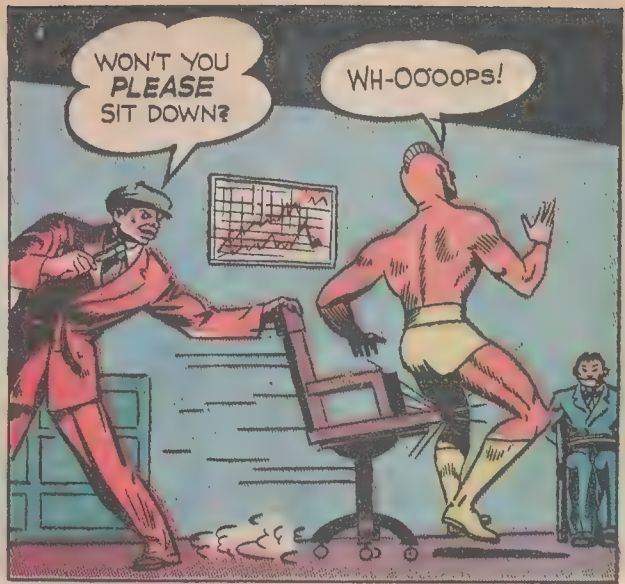




YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE  
BANGING MY FIST WITH  
YOUR CHIN!

NO...NO...  
UGH!!

BUT...BEHIND THE GRIMLY JESTING CRIMSON AVENGER...  
A STEALTHY SHADOW SILENTLY STOOPS...AND...



WON'T YOU  
PLEASE  
SIT DOWN?

WH-OOOOPS!

THEN...BEFORE THE SURPRISED  
CRIMSON AVENGER CAN ACT...

I GOT BULLETS  
AGAIN...BUT  
DIS WAY IS  
QUIETER!

THE RAT LOOSENED  
ALL MY TEETH! TIE  
HIM UP NEXT TO THE  
CHINAMAN!



MINUTES LATER...

WE'LL HAVE TO FORGET WAITING  
FOR A PAROLED EX-CON! THIS  
TOWN'S TOO TOUGH...BUT BEFORE  
WE LEAVE WE'RE HEISTING SOME  
PEOPLE WHO SENT  
IN A CALL FOR  
A WAITER!



THANKS FER  
WRITIN' IT  
DOWN. I DON'T  
REMEMBER  
SO GOOD!

OKAY, MEMORY...  
I'LL MEET YOU  
AFTER I TAKE  
CARE OF OUR  
VISITORS!



MEMORY ONLY  
TESTED YOUR  
HEAD! I'M  
GOING TO DENT  
IT...PERMANENTLY!

THERE'S STILL  
A CHANCE!

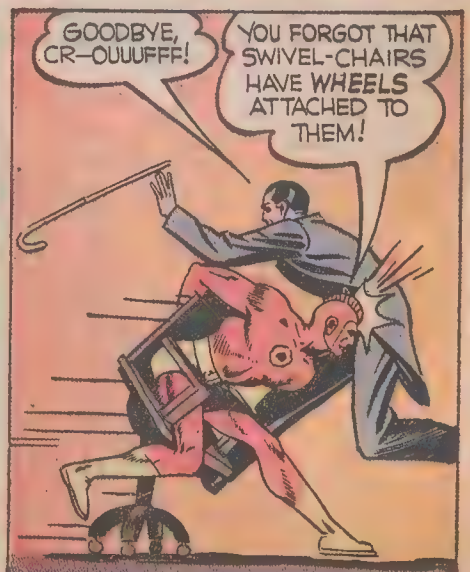


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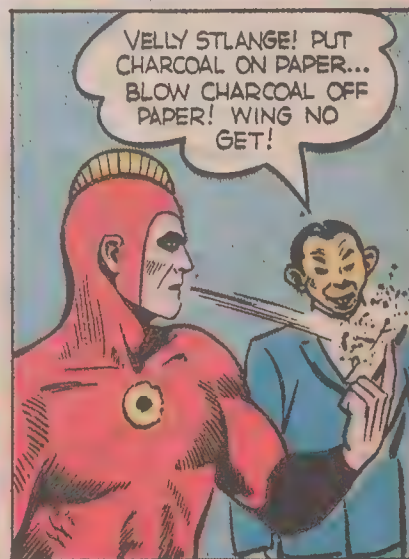


GOODBYE,  
CR-OUUUFFFF!

YOU FORGOT THAT  
SWIVEL-CHAIRS  
HAVE WHEELS  
ATTACHED TO  
THEM!





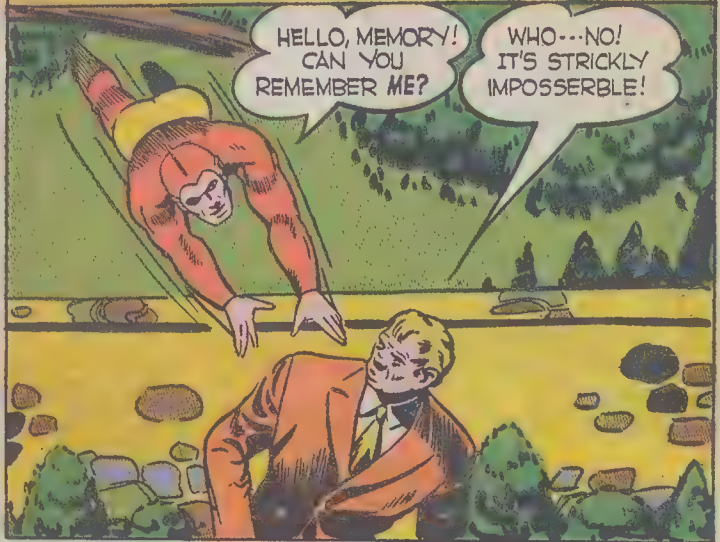




A HALF MINUTE LATER...AND MEMORY SERVES A COURSE!



JUST THEN...A LITHE FORM FLASHES FROM AN OVERHANGING LIMB!

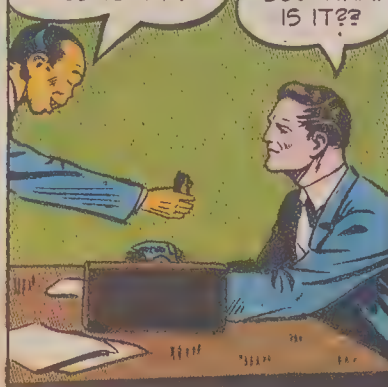


LATER...AND THE CRIMSON AVENGER HAS CHANGED AGAIN TO THE QUIET PERSONALITY OF LEE TRAVIS...

WELL, WING, HARRY IS GOING TO BE WELL AGAIN...ANOTHER CASE SOLVED...BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW TO END THIS EDITORIAL!



TLOUBLE FOR MIST' JAMES TROUT WHEN WING SHOOT BIG MOUTH OFF! MAYBE THIS SHOW HOW BEST WAY END EDITORIAL!



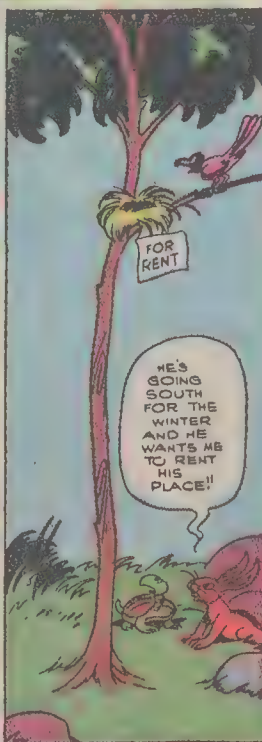
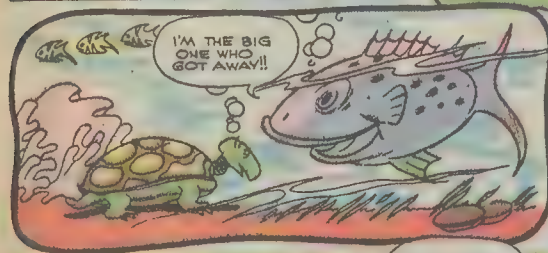
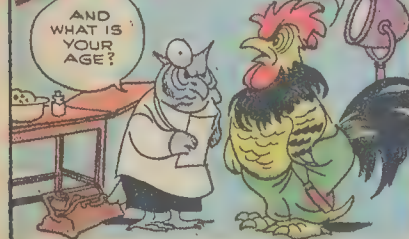
VERY GOOD, WING...I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!



ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF THE HEAD-LINE MAKERS IN THE NEXT CRIMSON AVENGER WHEN LEE TRAVIS DONS THE SCARLET AND SCOOPS TO CONQUOR!



# COMICS 700



## GROWING FAST!

### GREEN ARROW WITH SPEEDY!

ONE OF AMERICA'S  
FASTEST-GROWING  
FAST-ACTION  
FEATURES!

Also  
**AQUAMAN  
SPECTRE**

AND OTHERS!  
DON'T MISS IT!



## Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry, if heat, dust and general impurities make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. 101-J Frontier Bldg.  
462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Super-Wonder Packet Offered

containing stamps from AFGHANISTAN (oblong) NORTH BORNEO (buffalo) MANCHU-KILO (Mansoleino) SARAWAK (rhinoceros) GUADALOUPE (sugar refining) COSTA RICA (triangle) MARTINIQUE (two) BITUNEI (boat) This entire packet for only 3c to approval applicants. Big illustrated lists free with each order. KENT STAMP CO. G.P.O. Box 87(5), Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Tannou Touva Teddy Bear Triangle!

Beautiful giant sized Zoo triangle and packet others—all different—GIVEN from Asia, Africa, desert countries, Uganda, Tanganyika, Kenya, etc., including 70 year old South Australia, old Stork stamp, Slovenia 'Slave' stamp, South Seas 'Anti-Hitler' stamp, 13 yr. old U. S. Colony Slave Island, etc.—all GIVEN with approvals for 3c postage.

Dominion Stamp Co., Box 30-D, Arlington, Va.

## FREE! CHINESE BOMBER!

Large bi-colored China airmail showing plane over Great Wall also set Brazil Airplane stamps, Bolshevik Prop Train, Camel, Cook stamp, Ivory Coast, Misery stamp, Antipodes, etc. included are stamps showing Map, Ship, Head Hunter, etc.—all FREE with approvals for 3c postage.

H. S. YOUNG, P. O. Box 604-D, Johnstown, Pa.

## GIVEN! MOTHER'S DAY DIAMOND

from Dominican Republic also China 'Only Grail' Triangle. With Rogers airmail, Sahara Desert, Siberia, Ethiopia, GOLD PRINTED African stamp, South Seas, Bolshevik Soldier Asia, Animal & Birds, etc.—all GIVEN with approvals for 3c postage.

Monumental Stamps, Arlington-N, Baltimore, Md.

## PANAMA "U. S. FLAG" STAMP

Shows Old Glory in natural colors, also Antigua with Rogers, NORTH MONGOLIA DIAMOND (world's biggest) airmail TRIANGLE, Far Eastern Republic, Thailand, Antipodes, Vatican, Slave Colony, Puppet land, etc.—all 3c with approvals.

BELMONT STAMPS, Dept. 700, Washington, D.C.

## GIVEN! Giant & Midget TRIANGLES

from Bolivia and Siberia, also STAMP COLLECTION from Cannibal Island, Arabia, Thailand, Treasure Islands, Mosquito stamp, smallest stamp, etc.—all GIVEN with approvals for 3c postage.

Seminole Stamps, Halethorpe-N. Baltimore, Md.

## POLISH "ANTI-HITLER" STAMP

Shows bombed U. S. Embassy, Ecuador with U. S. Flag, Giant Diamond, Chinese 'Midget', Soviet Soldier, R.A.F. Pilot, 'bullfight' stamp, Giraffe, Asia Africa, ex-Nazi colony, 'earthquake' airmail, etc.—all 3c with approvals.

Potomac Stamps, Dept. 8A, Washington, D. C.

## FOR VICTORY



BUY  
UNITED  
STATES  
WAR  
BONDS  
AND  
STAMPS





BART REGAN MATCHES STEELED FISTS AGAINST THE DEADLY HAIL OF BARKING GUNS AS HE FOLLOWS A GRIM TRAIL THAT LEADS TO THE RUTHLESS MASTERMIND BEHIND THE EVIL MACHINATIONS OF...  
"THE SECRET TEN."

THE HALL OF MUSIC--A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE CONCERT IS TO BEGIN--

THERE'S DREHER AND TWO OTHER MEMBERS OF THE SECRET TEN! WE'VE WATCHED THEM ATTEND THESE CONCERTS BUT NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS! YET WE KNOW THAT THEIR LEADER CONTACTS THEM HERE!

IF HE DOES, CHIEF, I'LL FIND OUT HOW!

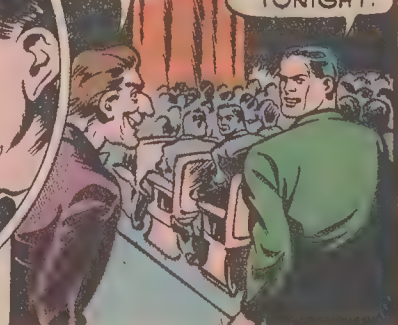
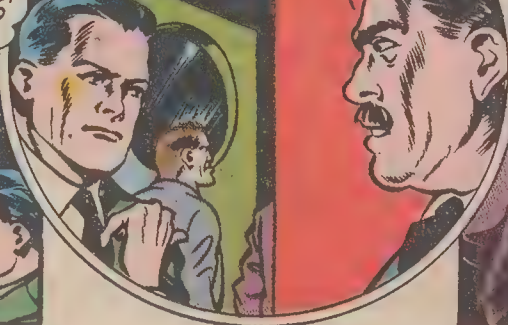
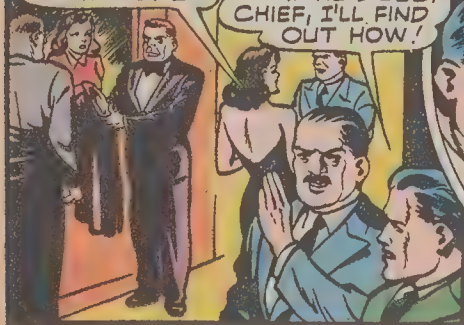
THEY'RE GOING IN NOW! I'D BETTER KEEP MY EYE ON THEM!

I'VE GOT TO BE GOING! REMEMBER, REGAN, WE MUST FIND OUT WHO THE REAL LEADER OF THE SECRET TEN IS!

MINUTES LATER...

WELL, WELL, BART REGAN! DON'T TELL ME THE SECRET SERVICE IS KEEPING AN EYE ON AMERICAN MUSIC LOVERS NOW!

HUH! OH-- GOOD EVENING, MR. HUNO. I--ER--I'M NOT HERE ON DUTY TONIGHT!





EVEN MEMBERS OF THE F.B.I. LIKE GOOD MUSIC ONCE IN A WHILE! IT'S NOT ONLY GREAT MUSIC CRITICS LIKE YOU WHO KNOW HOW TO APPRECIATE IT!

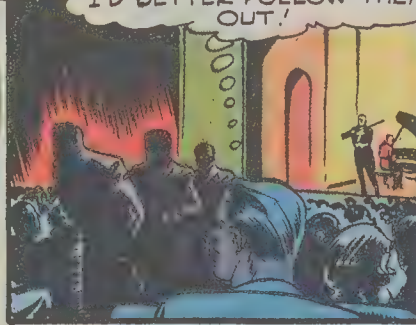
I DARE SAY YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT I'D BETTER GET TO MY SEAT! IT'S NOT GOOD FORM FOR A FAMOUS CRITIC TO TAKE HIS SEAT AFTER THE PERFORMANCE HAS STARTED!

AN HOUR LATER--THREE SHADY FORMS RISE IN THE DARKENED AUDITORIUM AND SILENTLY MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN THE AISLE---

HM--DREHER AND HIS GANG ARE LEAVING ALREADY! APPARENTLY, THIS CONCERT DIDN'T INTEREST HIM MUCH! I'D BETTER FOLLOW THEM OUT!

BRING THE CAR AROUND, MULLER! WE'LL STAY AT THE STATE HOTEL TONIGHT! IT'S NO USE GOING BACK TO THE HIDEOUT!

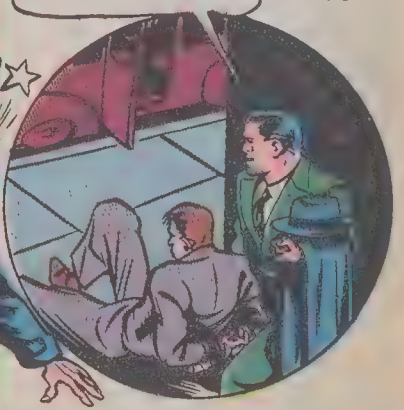
I'D BETTER WORK FAST! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT A LITTLE MORE ABOUT THIS!



THE SPY RUSHES TO HIS CAR, UNAWARE OF THE SILENT FORM LURKING IN THE BROODING SHADOWS---

CAT-LIKE, THE SILENT FIGURE STREAKS ACROSS THE SIDE-WALK--A STEELED FIST LASHES OUT---

WITH THIS GUY'S HAT AND COAT, I MIGHT PASS MUSTER. DREHER AND HIS GANG MAY DO SOME TALKING IN THE CAR, AND THERE'S A LOT I MUST LEARN!!

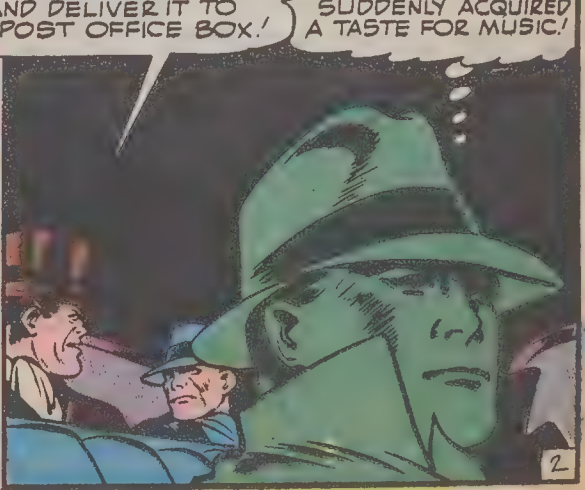
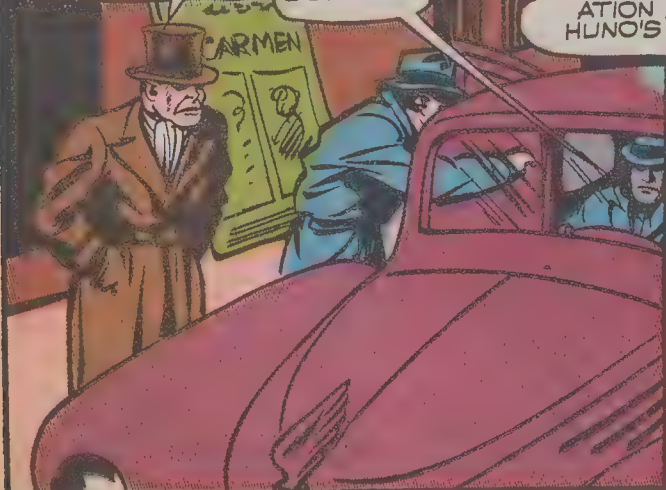


IT TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH TO GET THE CAR, MULLER! WHERE DID YOU PARK IT? IN HOBOKEN??

SORRY!

HUNO'S MESSAGE IS CLEAR! AN EMISSARY IS LEAVING FOR WASHINGTON WITH IMPORTANT MILITARY INFORMATION! WE ARE TO GET THAT MILITARY INFORMATION AND DELIVER IT TO HUNO'S POST OFFICE BOX!

JUMPIN' CATFISH! HUNO, THE CRITIC, IS THEIR LEADER! THAT'S WHY THE SECRET TEN SUDDENLY ACQUIRED A TASTE FOR MUSIC!





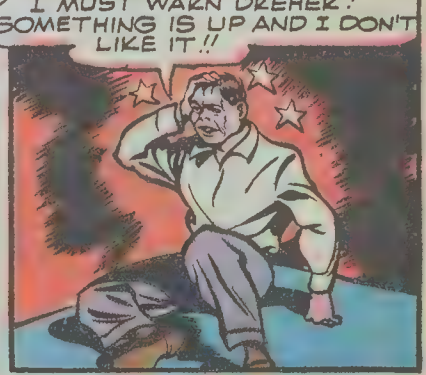
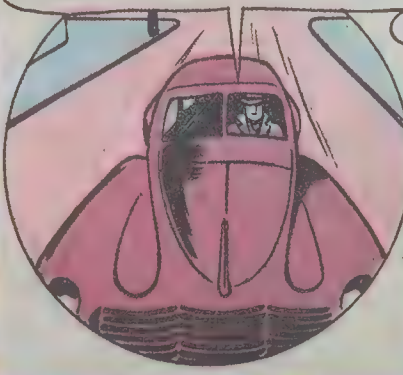
LUNZ DIDN'T SHOW UP AT THE CONCERT TONIGHT! YOU'D BETTER GO TO HIS HOME, MULLER, AND FIND OUT WHY!

YES, SIR!

I'D GIVE MY EYE TEETH TO KNOW HOW HUNO GOT HIS MESSAGE ACROSS TO HIS GANG! HM... MAYBE IF I PAID HIM A VISIT HE MIGHT ENLIGHTEN ME ON THAT POINT!

**B**UT AT THAT SAME INSTANT, FATE PREPARES A TRAP FOR BART REGAN AS MULLER, DREHER'S HENCHMAN, RELEASES HIMSELF...

I MUST WARN DREHER! SOMETHING IS UP AND I DON'T LIKE IT!!



**A** SHORT WHILE LATER, MULLER BURSTS INTO DREHER'S HOTEL ROOM--BLURTS OUT A BREATHLESS STORY!

SOMEBODY KNOCKED ME OUT, DREHER, AND TOOK MY CLOTHES! I SAW HIM DRIVE AWAY IN THE LIMOUSINE!!

WHAT?!



**G**ALVANIZED INTO ACTION BY THE STAGGERING IMPLICATION OF MULLER'S STORY, DREHER BARKS CRISP COMMANDS!!

THEN THE MAN WHO DROVE US WAS AN IMPOSTOR--A DETECTIVE!! CALL A TAXI! WE MUST WARN HUNO THE POLICE HAVE FOUND OUT HE'S OUR LEADER! WHY HASN'T HUNO GOT A PHONE!?



*Meanwhile*--BART REGAN HAS ARRIVED AT RICHARD HUNO'S HOME...

NO ONE SEEMS TO BE IN! WELL, THIS SPECIAL PICK WILL HAVE THIS LOCK OPEN IN NO TIME! MIGHT AS WELL LET MYSELF IN AND NOSE AROUND A BIT!

**B**UT WITHIN THE HOUSE, AN OMINOUS WELCOME AWAITS THE SECRET SERVICE AGENT!

KIND OF QUIET! THE HOUSE IS EMPTY, ALL RIGHT!



STAND WHERE YOU ARE, MR. REGAN...AND I'D ADVISE YOU TO REMOVE YOUR GUN AND DROP IT TO THE FLOOR!

HUH?





THE SECRET SERVICE AGENT IS LED INTO RICHARD HUNO'S STUDY!

MR. HUNO, PERHAPS YOU'LL CLEAR MY MIND ON ONE POINT--JUST HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO CONTACT DREHER AT THE CONCERT TONIGHT?

YOU KNOW I'M THE LEADER OF THE SECRET TEN? CONGRATULATIONS! AS FOR GETTING IN TOUCH WITH MY MEN IT'S ALL A MATTER OF HATS AND A CHECK-ROOM GIRL WHO WORKS FOR ME!

ALL I'D DO IS CHECK A TOP HAT WITH THE MESSAGE CONCEALED IN THE CROWN! DREHER WOULD CHECK A HAT IDENTICAL IN APPEARANCE, REMAIN AT THE CONCERT FOR A WHILE--THEN LEAVE!

BUT THE GIRL WOULD HAND HIM MY HAT WITH THE CONCEALED MESSAGE INSTEAD OF HIS OWN! THE MOST ASTUTE WATCHER WOULDN'T SEE ANYTHING WRONG! IN THAT WAY, I COULD CONTACT DREHER WITHOUT MAKING THOSE CONTACTS DANGEROUSLY PERSONAL! CLEVER, WHAT?



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, REGAN WHIRLS, SENDS A BATTERING RAM BLOW TO THE BUTLER'S JAW--

VERY CLEVER, HUNO! I'LL CONGRATULATE YOU AS SOON AS I PUT YOUR MAN FRIDAY OUT OF THE RUNNING--HE ANNOYS ME!

STOP!  
STOP I SAY!!



WITHOUT LOSING AN INSTANT, REGAN SCOOPS UP THE BUTLER'S GUN, AND WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, SHOOTS HUNO'S REVOLVER OUT OF HIS HAND!

YOU'RE A LITTLE SLOW ON THE DRAW, HUNO!

OWooo!



KEEP 'EM FLYING!!!

OWP!!

YOU IDIOT!! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!!

WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT, EH? IT SEEMS THAT I'M DOING A PRETTY GOOD JOB OF PRETENDING, THEN!



AT THAT INSTANT, THE BULL-LIKE FIGURE OF DREHER WHIPS INTO THE HOUSE, AND BEHIND HIM, HIS THREE HENCHMEN--

THERE HE IS! QUICK! SHOOT HIM!!





AS THE STACCATO COUGHS OF GUNFIRE SEND A RAIN OF BULLETS WHIZZING TOWARD HIM, REGAN SLAMS THE HEAVY DOOR SHUT--THROWS THE BOLT HOME!

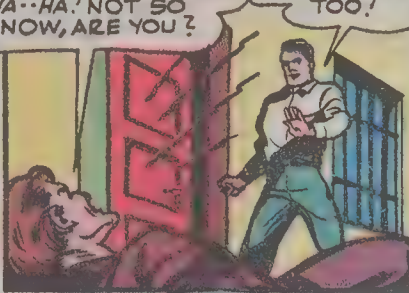
GRADUALLY, THE HINGES OF THE DOOR GIVE WAY AS DREHER AND HIS MEN BATTER IT---

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHY ARE YOU STUFFING THAT RAG UP THE CHIMNEY? WHY SHOULD I TELL YOU AND KILL THE SUSPENSE, HUNO? IT'S SO MUCH MORE INTERESTING TO WAIT AND SEE!

WELL, MR. REGAN, IT SEEMS YOUR ACE HAS BEEN TRUMPED, EH?

YOU ARE TRAPPED, MR. REGAN! TRAPPED!! THE BARS ON THE WINDOW WON'T PERMIT YOU TO ESCAPE, AND SOON THAT DOOR WILL GIVE! HA--HA! NOT SO SMART NOW, ARE YOU?

I'M NOT LICKED YET! MRS. REGAN'S LITTLE BOY HAS SOME TRICKS UP HIS SLEEVE, TOO!



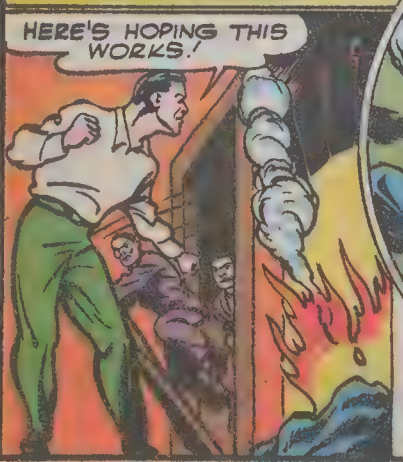
CRACKLING FLAMES SNAKE UP WITHIN THE FIREPLACE AS DREHER AND HIS MEN SPILL INTO THE ROOM WITH A RENDING CRASH!

GRAB HIM, YOU FOOLS!!

AS BILLOWS OF ACRID SMOKE POUR OUT OF THE STUFFED FIREPLACE, A SAVAGE BATTLE RAGES BETWEEN THE SPIES AND BART REGAN!

HERE'S HOPING THIS WORKS!

COUGH--COUGH--SOMEBODY--PUT OUT THAT FIRE--COUGH--



THE BATTLE FLARES BUT AN INSTANT BEFORE REGAN IS OVERPOWERED BY SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS...

BUT AT THAT INSTANT, ON THE STREET--

GET HIM OUT OF HERE! GET HIM INTO THE HALL!--AND SOMEBODY PUT OUT THAT FIRE--COUGH--

I'D BETTER SEND IN AN ALARM! JUDGING FROM THAT SMOKE, THE WHOLE HOUSE MUST BE ABLAZE!





WITHIN THE HOUSE, BART REGAN TALKS FAST--DESPERATELY STALLS FOR TIME!

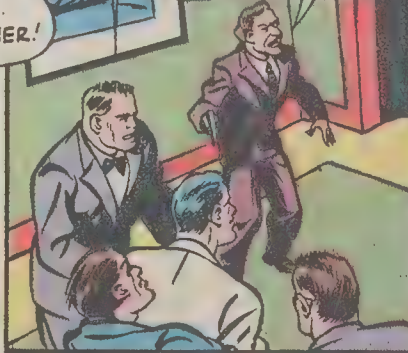
FOR LONG MINUTES, REGAN MANAGES TO HOLD HUNO'S TRIGGER FINGER--AND THEN...

I'M WARNING YOU, HUNO, YOU'RE AT THE END OF YOUR ROPE! SHOOTING ME ISN'T GOING TO SAVE YOU!

BLUFF! YOU CAN'T SCARE ME! AND WHAT-EVER IDIOTIC IDEA YOU HAD FOR SMOKING UP THAT ROOM WON'T WORK EITHER!

WHAT'S THAT??

A FIRE ENGINE! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE SEEN THE SMOKE AND SENT IN AN ALARM!



WHERE IS IT?

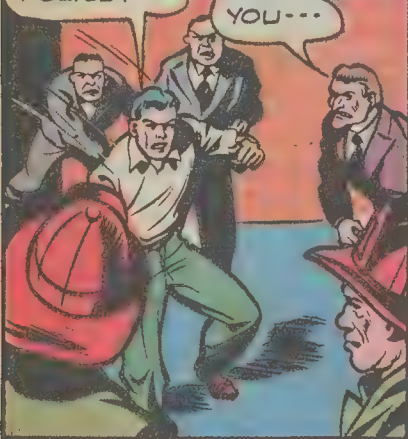
WHERE IS WHAT? THERE'S NO FIRE HERE, YOU FOOLS! GET OUT OF HERE!!

I'M BART REGAN FROM THE SECRET SERVICE! THESE MEN ARE SPIES! CALL THE POLICE!

YOU---

SHUT UP, YOU FOOL!

AS FOR YOU, GET OUT! GET OUT BEFORE I BLAST YOU OUT!



SECONDS LATER--WITH AN EXPLOSIVE HISS--A POWERFUL STREAM OF WATER STABS OUT OF THE FIRE HOSE!

BLAST US OUT, WILL YA? MAYBE WE'LL BLAST YOU IN!

GOOD WORK, BOYS!



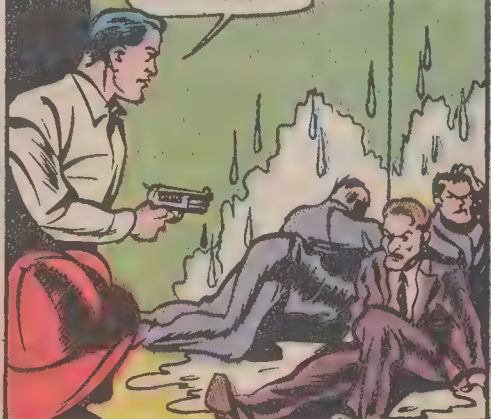
ENOUGH--blub--blub--

DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO QUIT NOW?

I GUESS SO! I DON'T WANT THOSE RATS TO DROWN!



ON YOUR FEET, HUNO! YOU KNOW, FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS OR SO THE ONLY CONCERTS YOU AND YOUR BOYS WILL ATTEND WILL BE THE ONES GIVEN BY THE PRISON BAND! AND THERE ARE NO CHECKROOMS IN PRISON EITHER!



SEE **SPY** NEXT MONTH in **DETECTIVE COMICS** FOR ANOTHER SMASHING, SENSATIONAL STORY!!





# A MATTER OF LAW

by Dalton Weeks

**S**HIFTY EGGERS, walking from the courtroom accompanied by Maxon, his lawyer, sneered at Detective Tom Purvis. The eyes, which had given him his nickname darted as he said: "I told you that you'd never make it stick, Purvis. No one's pinning a murder rap on me. I wouldn't be getting bail if I did the job."

"Tut-tut," the unctuous voice of the ferret-voiced mouthpiece interrupted Eggers. "You're not to talk, Shifty. Besides, you're not on trial. Isn't that right, Purvis?"

Tom Purvis' face flushed. The blue ribbon jury, which had managed to indict Shifty, in connection with the death of a jewelry salesman in a hotel, hadn't been able to stop a writ of habeus corpus. Shifty now was out on bail.

In court, Shifty had admitted he had been in Caplan's room. "I went to buy some of the stuff," Shifty had said. "And I didn't like it."

Maybe. But three hours later, Caplan, minus the stock he carried, was dead in his room. His stock was gone, and Shifty's card had been in his pocket. Caplan had been knifed to death. There were no signs of a struggle.

"So did I see him after I left his room?" Shifty protested. "I did not." A bell boy had later answered Caplan's call for ice. He had been alive then, testimony showed, and Shifty had long since left.

"That's enough, Shifty," Maxon said. "You don't have to listen to this flatfoot." He held out his cigarette case. "Here, have a smoke, and come on."

"Okay," Shifty glowered. He helped himself to a handful of cigarettes from the tin of fifty the lawyer habitually carried. Maxon grimaced as Shifty transferred his haul to the emp-

ty package. Shifty would toss money around like an inebriated sailor. But he had his little pecadilloes, and smoking other people's cigarettes was one of them. The trait had more than once occasioned jests in the newspapers.

Forehead furrowed in thought, Tom Purvis watched them leave. Then he went off in the direction of the hotel. The newspapers were shouting for action, and the Commissioner was sore. Something would have to be done quickly.

But what? To Tom Purvis, the job had all the earmarks of one of Shifty's rub-outs. And Shifty's alibi was shaping up too well. Out on bail now, he'd have time to tie together the loose ends.

There wasn't much more to be learned at the hotel. The night watchman who had seen Caplan's door open and discovered the body wasn't able to furnish further clues. Wearily, Shifty went to the bellboy's dressing room, intending to quiz again the boy who had answered Caplan's call. He found him

being bawled out by the night manager. There was a bandage on the boy's right hand.

"You can't go on duty with that hand like that," the night manager was saying. "Go on and take the night off. If you hadn't been so careless you wouldn't have cut yourself. Now we'll be short."

The boy replied, angrily: "Is it my fault that Shifty breaks a glass table top when he swings a golf club on it? I can't afford to lose this pay." He looked up, seeing Purvis. "Oh, hello, Mr. Purvis."

Purvis took him outside. "What's this about a table top?"

The boy held up his hand. "Oh, sometime this morning, Shifty Eggers had to show how he can swing a golf club. He

breaks a glass top and I have to take it out and throw it away. Now the night boss is sore at me because I fall and cut myself."

Purvis looked at him. "I didn't know Shifty was that crazy about golf." He scratched his head. "I suppose that glass has been disposed of by now?"

"No!" The boy sounded angry. "I put it in the old checkroom back of the main lobby. I was going to get rid of it tonight."

"Okay, let's look at it."

They went to the lobby. Under the glaring light, Purvis studied the glass. There were about six fair sized pieces. Two of them were bloodstained. Purvis looked at these. "You sure must have bled, son," he said sympathetically. "But you look pretty anaemic to me."

"Yeah," the boy said. "I didn't realize it was that bad until Shifty and one of his boys bandaged me up. He's not a bad guy, that Shifty, and he's a good tipper."

Purvis was holding the pieces of glass to the light. It was covered with prints. There was a frowning expression on his face as he tried to piece together the thoughts that were eluding him.

As he put down the glass, he snapped his fingers! Why hadn't he thought of this before? Carefully, he wrapped the broken glass in old newspaper and, accompanied by the boy, went out.

"What again, Purvis?" It was Maxon, standing at the cigar counter. He was slipping a tin of cigarettes into his spacious suit pocket. His eyes went to the bellboy, darted to the package Shifty was carrying. "Still looking for clues?"

Purvis glowered at him. "Maybe," he said curtly. "Maybe not." He heard Maxon's



laughter behind him as he went out.

Until the police lab expert got through, there wasn't anything to do. So Purvis went home to dinner. He was just finishing when the phone rang.

"What?" Purvis cried. "He was surprised to find his heart beating rapidly. 'Say that again!'"

"They're two different types of blood," the voice said. "And here's something funny, Purvis. You know those prints I made of the dead man?"

"Yes . . . yes . . . ." Purvis said impatiently.

"Well, I happened to have them on my work table. And there are prints on this glass top that match them!"

Purvis' face worked as he hung up. So Shifty had lied—he had said he had gone to Caplan's room; but he hadn't mentioned that Caplan had been in his room. Shifty had only gone to the salesman's room to establish an alibi.

"He enticed Caplan there," Purvis muttered, "and killed him. But in the struggle he broke the glass and some of the salesman's blood dripped on it after the knifing." It was plain, then, what followed. Shifty, thinking fast, had called up the boy and, on pretense of helping him, had actually caused the kid to cut his hand. That would explain the blood. And, there was always the chance the boy wouldn't even mention the incident to the police. Shifty's luck had held; at the first questioning the boy hadn't!

Outside, in the kitchen, Purvis heard his wife busy with the dishes. He put on his coat to go out, then stopped.

The very law that he upheld was now going to balk him!

He lowered himself into his chair. There wasn't a chance of the Grand Jury issuing a new indictment tonight. No chance until tomorrow when it would convene and look at this new evidence, evidence sufficient to send Shifty Eggers to the chair where he belonged. A cry came from Purvis' lips

as he suddenly remembered Maxon's interest in the boy. What if Maxon had questioned the bellhop, who, suspecting nothing, talked freely? Maxon surely would see that Shifty lammed out of town. Once away it would be pretty hard to find Shifty.

Disgusted, Purvis reached for his cigarettes. The packet was empty. Glowering at this, he idly turned the packet about in his hands. Well, there was no way out of it: nothing to do but try to put a tail on Shifty. Disinterestedly, his eyes mechanically read the fine print on one side of the cigarette carton. Then they blinked. Why, he'd never noticed this before, Purvis chided himself. If only it weren't too late—

He leaped to the phone. Two minutes later, his startled wife heard the door bang behind her spouse. She wondered what had gotten into Tom.

She would have been more surprised fifteen minutes later, to see him knock on the door of Shifty's apartment suite in the hotel. There was nothing but casualness in his manner, nothing to show the relief he felt when he saw Shifty and

Maxon. There were two bags packed, in the center of the room.

Purvis said: "Going some place, Shifty? You're under bail, you know!"

Shifty's glance went to his lawyer, who said oilily: "We're well aware of that, Mr. Purvis. But there is no objection to my client visiting my house for the week-end. It's in this state." Mockingly, he added: "I'm surprised that a detective-sergeant so well versed in the law wouldn't know that."

"That's right," Purvis said. "Anyway, I was just checking up, Maxon." He reached into his pockets, brought out a cigarette packet. Then, "Got a cigarette, Shifty? I'm fresh out."

"Sure, help yourself." Shifty threw over a packet. Purvis' pulse leaped as he drew out a cigarette. Just what he had figured! He felt Maxon's eyes

on him.

"Oh, by the way, Shifty," Purvis said. "We'd like to talk to you downtown about some broken glass."

Shifty's body stiffened. His eyes slid to Maxon. "That's out, Purvis," Maxon snarled. "You know Shifty's out on bail."

"He was," Purvis said, laconically. "But now he's pinched again." His gun came out. "Don't move, Shifty. You neither, Maxon."

Shifty's white face was turned to Maxon. The lawyer's eyes were blazing. "I'll get him out, Purvis," he snarled, "no matter what you're trying to pull." He spoke to Shifty. "Go with him. And don't talk. I'll have a habeus corpus in an hour."

Purvis laughed. "Not tonight," he said. His eyes hardened. "I know Shifty is going to jump his bail, as well as you do, because the Grand Jury won't convene until tomorrow. But this little gadget is going to hold him." He held up a cigarette. "This butt I borrowed from Shifty is a Lucky," he said slowly. "But it came from a Philip Morris package."

Maxon's eyes were startled. "So what?"

"Just this," Purvis said, relishing every word. "Listen." Slowly, he read from the side of the package:

"Notice: The manufacturer of the cigarettes herein contained has complied with all the requirements of law. Every person is cautioned not to use either this package for cigarettes again, or the stamp thereon again, nor to remove the contents of this package without destroying said stamp, under the penalties provided by law in such cases."

Purvis looked at the lawyer. His body was shaking. Shifty's eyes were frightened. "I think," Purvis said, "that that'll be sufficient to hold Shifty until tomorrow. After that, the chair will hold him!" He looked at Shifty. "You should have known it's bad to borrow, Shifty," he said, "especially other people's cigarettes!"



# AIR WAVE



by Harris

AIR WAVE RULES THE RADIO WAVES. HIS MASTER-RADIO TOUCHES THE LIVES OF MANY SIMPLE FOLK, AND TO THEM AIR WAVE LENDS WELCOME AID IN THEIR TIME OF NEED... AS HE DID WHEN HE TURNED HIMSELF INTO A ONE-MAN BROADCASTING STUDIO IN: "THE CASE OF THE COUNTRY CROONER!"

OUR STORY BEGINS WITH THE FINISH OF A SINGING CONTEST IN THE MIDDLE WEST...

MR. WESTON, YOU'VE WON THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR FIRST PRIZE FOR YOUR FINE VOICE. GO TO NEW YORK AND MAKE A CAREER THAT WILL MAKE CORN COUNTY PROUD OF YOU!

CORN COUNTY CROONING CONTEST

SHUCKS... THANKS!



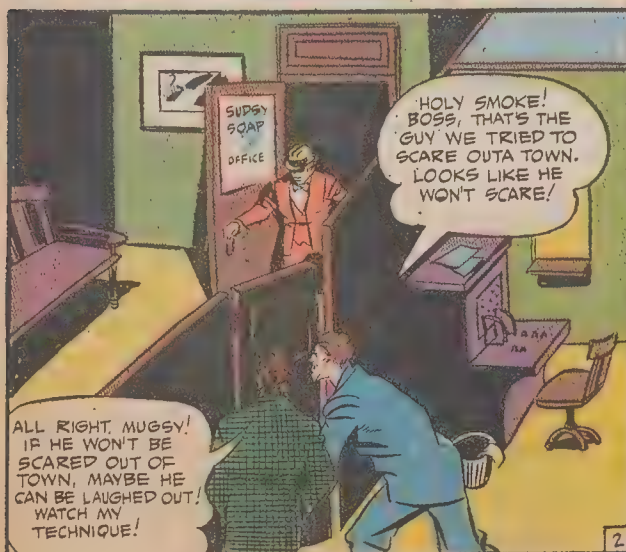
AND THE ROARING TRAIN DRAWS THE COUNTRY CROONER TOWARD HIS NEW CAREER.

HOW COME MR. CHARLES TOLD US TO COME DOWN HERE?

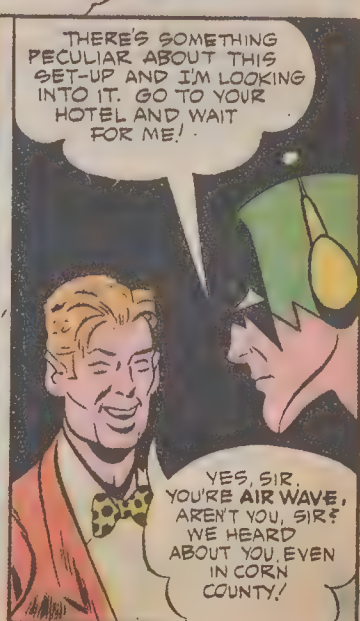
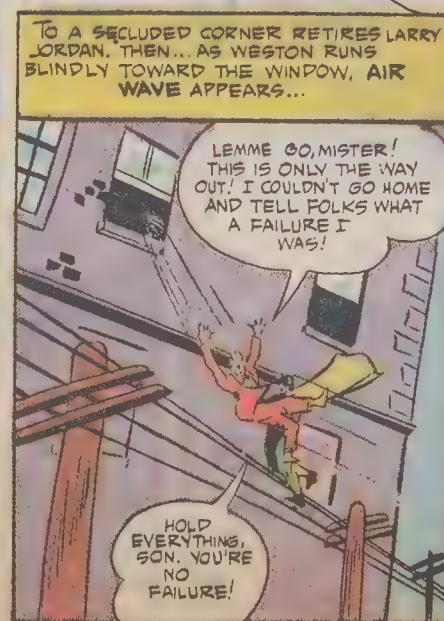
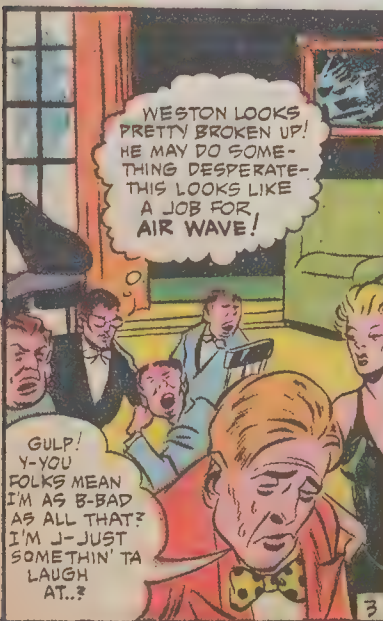
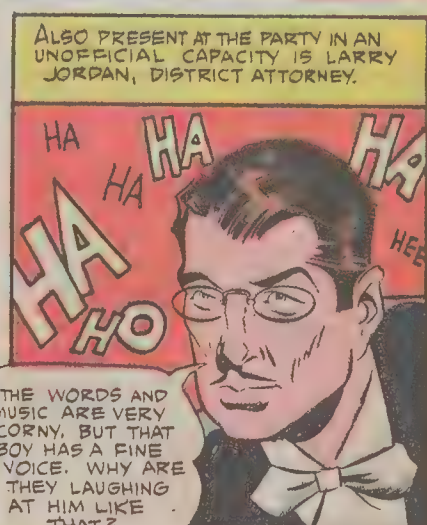
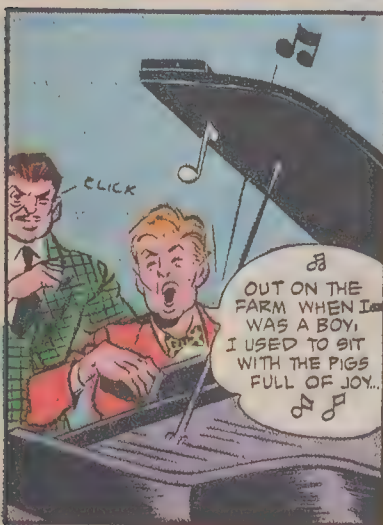
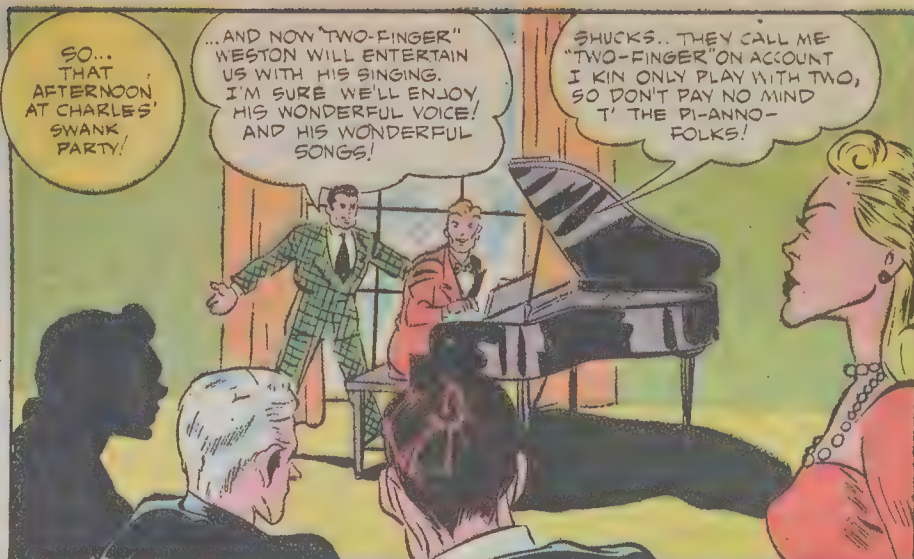
AW, THERE'S ANOTHER SINGER COMIN' INTO TOWN. WE GOTTA SEND HIM BACK WHERE HE CAME FROM! MR. CHARLES DON'T WANT NO SINGERS IN TOWN BUT HIMSELF!





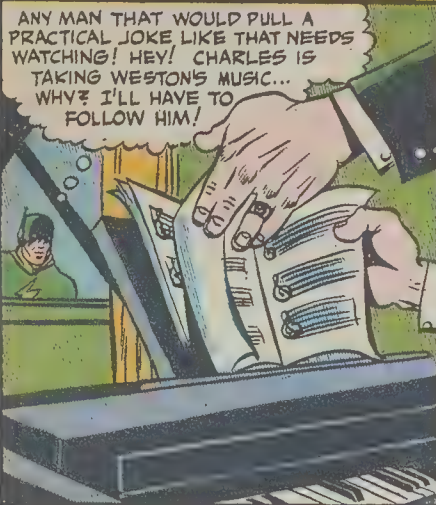








ON CAT-LIKE, ELECTRIC TREAD, AIR WAVE MOUNTS AGAIN TO CHARLES WINDOW...



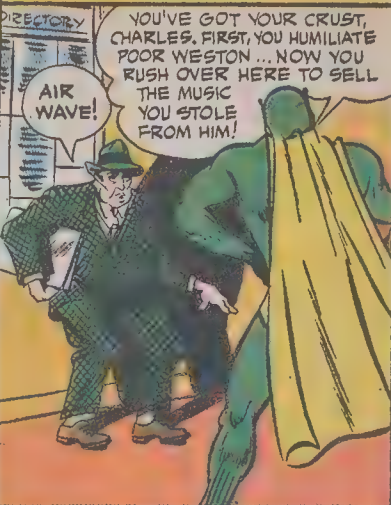
ANY MAN THAT WOULD PULL A PRACTICAL JOKE LIKE THAT NEEDS WATCHING! HEY! CHARLES IS TAKING WESTON'S MUSIC... WHY? I'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW HIM!

HIGH OVER THE CITY, AIR WAVE SOARS IN PURSUIT OF THE SUSPICIOUS SINGER...



CHARLES SUCCEEDED IN MAKING WESTON LOOK RIDICULOUS. WHY DID HE DO IT? WHY IS HE TAKING HIS MUSIC?

BEFORE CHARLES CAN REACH THE ELEVATOR, THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS APPEARS.



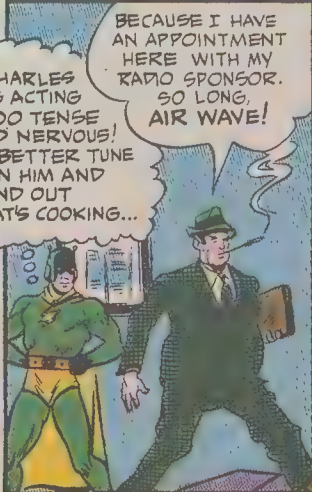
AIR WAVE!

YOU'VE GOT YOUR CRUST, CHARLES. FIRST, YOU HUMILIATE POOR WESTON... NOW YOU RUSH OVER HERE TO SELL THE MUSIC YOU STOLE FROM HIM!



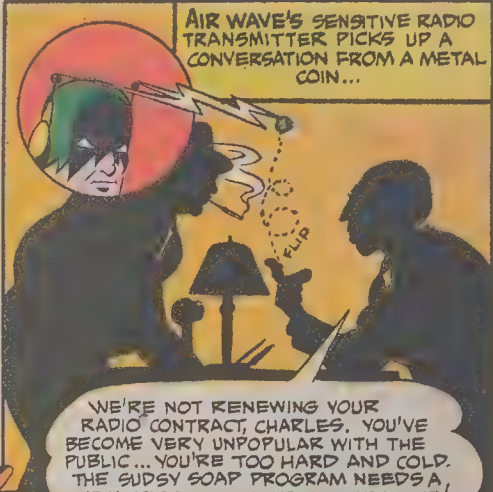
ME STEAL WESTON'S MUSIC? DON'T BE SILLY! IT ISN'T WORTH A NICKEL. I JUST TOOK IT FOR LAUGHS!

THEN WHY DID YOU RUSH TO THE MUSIC STUDIO?



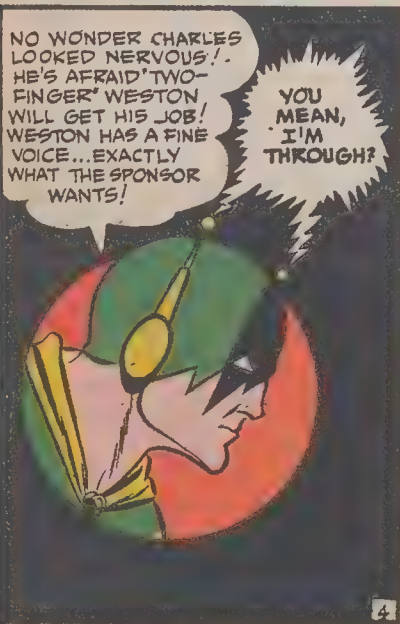
CHARLES IS ACTING TOO TENSE AND NERVOUS! I'D BETTER TUNE IN ON HIM AND FIND OUT WHAT'S COOKING...

BECAUSE I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT HERE WITH MY RADIO SPONSOR. SO LONG, AIR WAVE!



AIR WAVE'S SENSITIVE RADIO TRANSMITTER PICKS UP A CONVERSATION FROM A METAL COIN...

WE'RE NOT RENEWING YOUR RADIO CONTRACT, CHARLES. YOU'VE BECOME VERY UNPOPULAR WITH THE PUBLIC... YOU'RE TOO HARD AND COLD. THE SUDSY SOAP PROGRAM NEEDS A NEW VOICE... FRESH AND COUNTRY-LIKE!



NO WONDER CHARLES LOOKED NERVOUS! HE'S AFRAID 'TWO-FINGER' WESTON WILL GET HIS JOB! WESTON HAS A FINE VOICE... EXACTLY WHAT THE SPONSOR WANTS!

YOU MEAN, I'M THROUGH?

BACK ACROSS THE CITY STREAKS AIR WAVE...



WESTON'S AT THE HOLLENS HOTEL... IF I CAN GET HIM THIS JOB, IT'LL SQUARE UP FOR THE TRICK CHARLES PLAYED ON HIM!



THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON PRODUCES AIR WAVE'S MAGNETIC CLIMBING PLATES! LIKE A HUMAN FLY, HE SCALES THE METAL DRAIN PIPE...

GOLLY! IT'S YOU, MISTER AIR WAVE. I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TA THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU DONE FER ME!

FORGET IT, 'TWO-FINGER'! RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU... A SINGING JOB!

WITH STEEL-STRONG MUSCLES, AIR WAVE WHISKS WESTON TO THE RADIO SPONSOR.

SHUCKS, MISTER AIR WAVE, YOU'RE GOIN' TA A LOT OF TROUBLE FER ME!

IT'S GUYS LIKE THAT WHAT RUIN MY BUSINESS!

AIR WAVE!

SORRY TO EAVESDROP ON YOU, SIR, BUT I OVERHEARD WHAT YOU SAID TO CHARLES. THIS MAN HAS EXACTLY THE VOICE YOU NEED FOR YOUR PROGRAM!

REALLY? I'D LIKE TO HEAR HIM SING!

BEFORE YOU WASTE ANY MORE OF YOUR TIME, SIR! THAT MAN'S A RANK AMATEUR. HERE'S SOME MUSIC HE WROTE. LOOK AT IT AND YOU'LL SEE HOW MUCH TALENT HE HAS!

"I USED TO SIT WITH THE PIGS FULL OF JOY!"  
BAH! WHAT ROT!  
AIR WAVE, TAKE THIS RIDICULOUS MAN AWAY. I DON'T THINK MUCH OF YOUR JOKES, SIR!

NEVER MIND, 'TWO-FINGER'! I'VE STILL GOT FAITH IN YOU. I'M GOING TO GET YOU AN AUDITION TONIGHT ON THE LONG'S LINIMENT AMATEUR HOUR.

SHUCKS... I GUESS MISTER CHARLES DONE THAT TO ME ON ACCOUNT HE DON'T WANT TO LOSE HIS OWN SINGIN' JOB! (SIGH.)

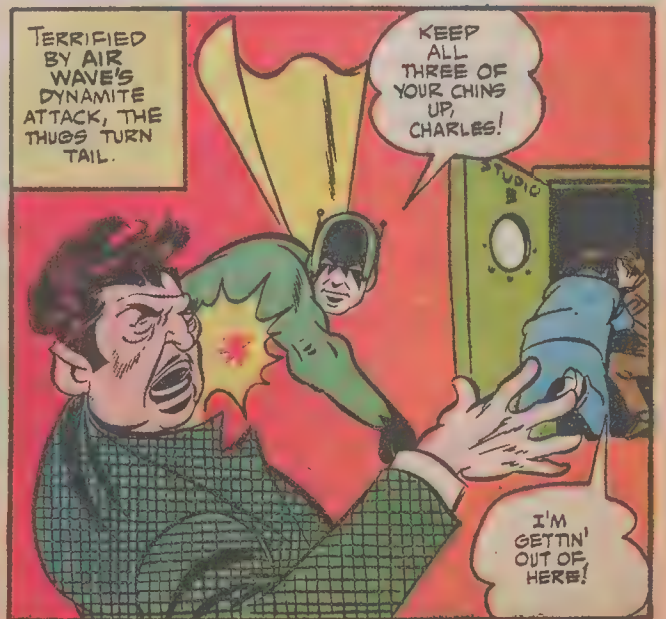
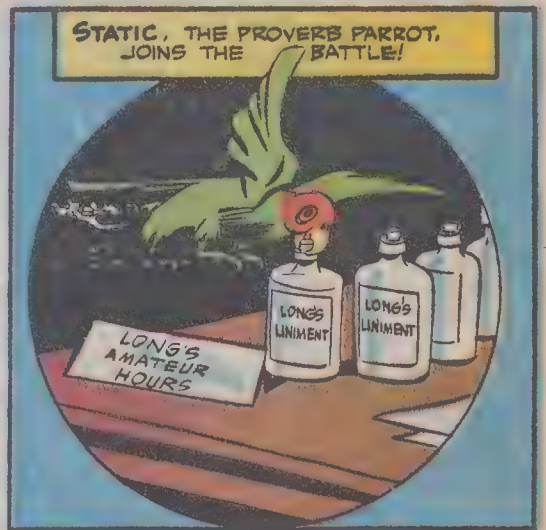
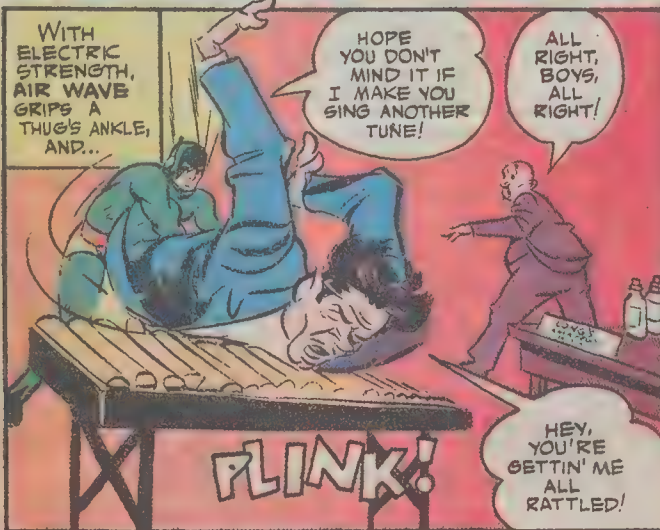
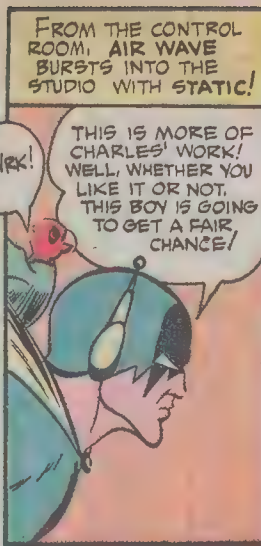
SO... THAT NIGHT AT THE STUDIO STATION...

AND NOW... 'TWO-FINGER' WESTON WILL SING "THIS LOVE OF MINE!"

THAT THE GUY YOU TOLD US TO FIX?

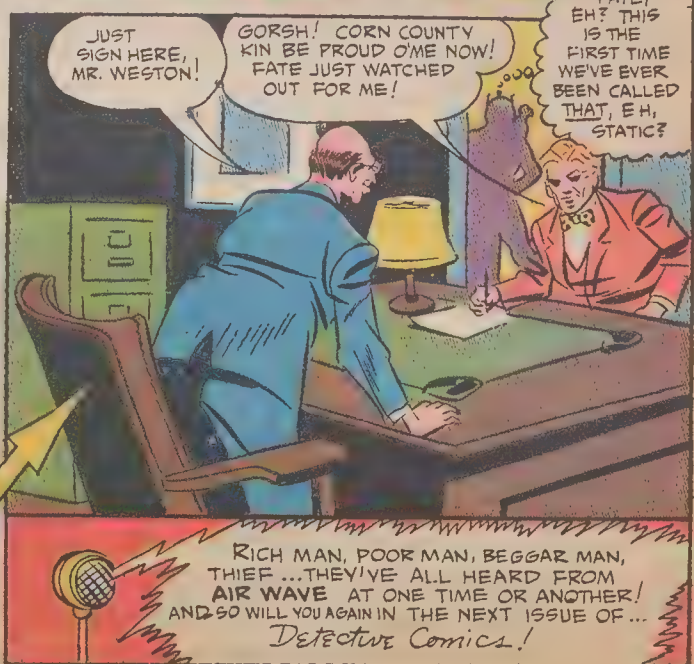
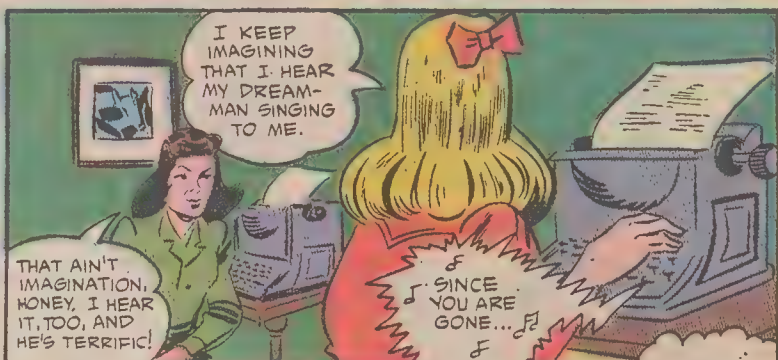
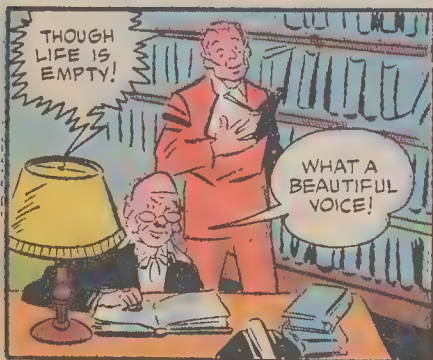
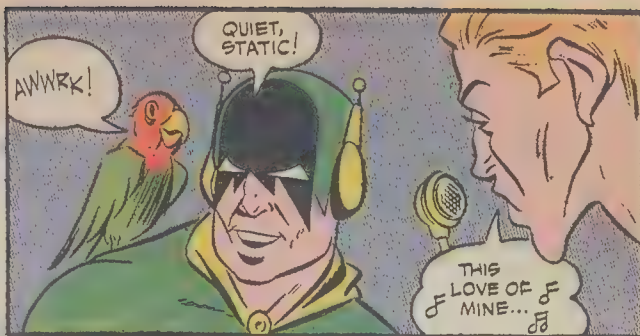
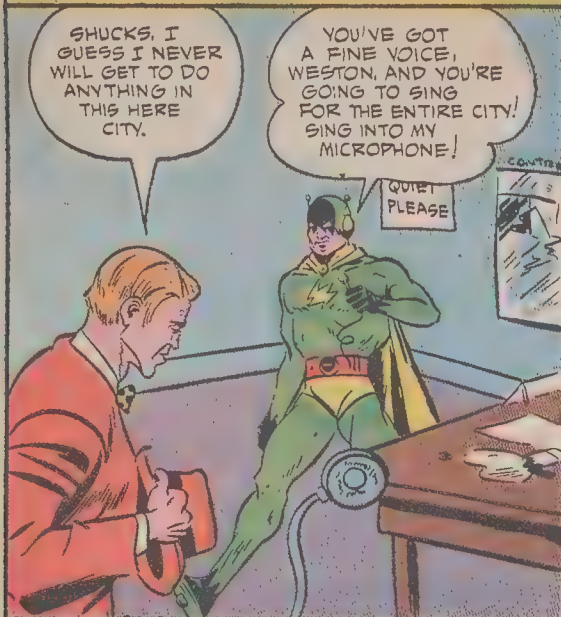
YES!







BUT THE BATTLE HAS BATTERED THE BROADCAST EQUIPMENT TO BITS!





# CHIEF HOT FOOT

HENRY  
BOLTON OFF



CHIEF HOT FOOT - COME  
QUICK-- SEE-UM WHAT MY  
BROTHER DO WITH SMOKE  
SIGNALS!



CHIEF - OH, CHIEF!



HELLO

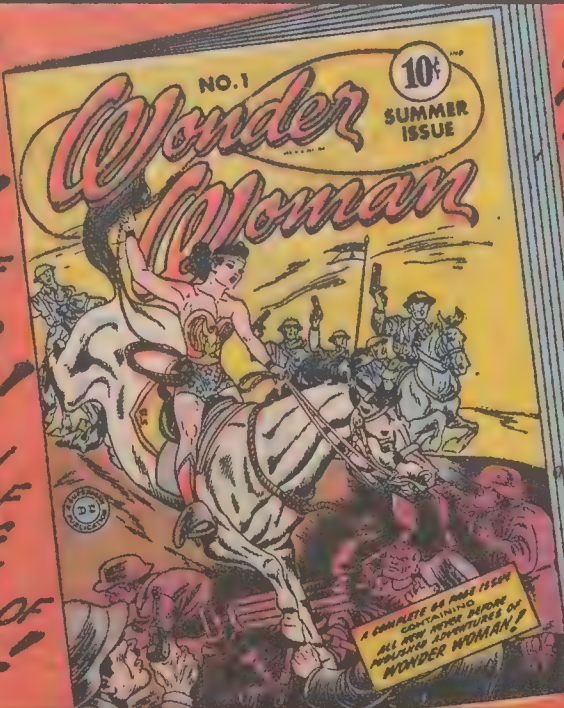
SEE - HIM LEARN  
TO WRITE  
ENGLISH!



HERE  
IT IS,  
BOYS  
and GIRLS!

THE FIRST ISSUE  
OF  
**Wonder  
Woman!**

IN LESS THAN  
A YEAR-ONE OF  
THE LEADING  
COMIC-BOOK  
CHARACTERS OF  
AMERICA!



YOU'LL LOVE  
HER MORE  
THAN EVER  
IN THESE  
NEW  
NEVER-BEFORE  
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-FORMER WORLD'S  
TENNIS CHAMPION

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# SLAM BRADLEY

SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, PRIVATE DETECTIVES, HAVE PROBABLY KNOCKED OUT A FEW BUSHELS OF TEETH IN THE COURSE OF THEIR MANY CASES! BUT THEY NEVER THOUGHT MUCH ABOUT DENTISTRY AS A CAREER UNTIL SHORTY'S TOOTHACHE LANDED THEM NECK-DEEP IN THE BIZARRE AND BAFFLING "CASE OF THE WHISTLING TOOTH"!!!

LIKE A LOT OF US, SHORTY IS BRAVE ENOUGH---EXCEPT WHEN IT COMES TO FACING A DENTIST!!

AW, LISTEN, SLAM! HONEST, IT DOESN'T HURT ANY MORE---MUCH! LET'S WAIT TILL MOR---!!

DRY UP PEE WEE! I'VE STOOD FOR YOUR MOANING AROUND ALL I'M GOING TO! YOU'RE HAVING THAT TOOTH PULLED TONIGHT!!

DON'T YOU KNOW MODERN DENTISTRY IS PAINLESS??

OH, YEAH??

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME THAT'S JUST STATIC ON THE DOC'S RADIO!!!

THE DOC MUST BE PRACTISING A NEW HOLD....!!!

IF THAT'S HOW HE EXTRACTS TEETH, I'M GOING HOME!

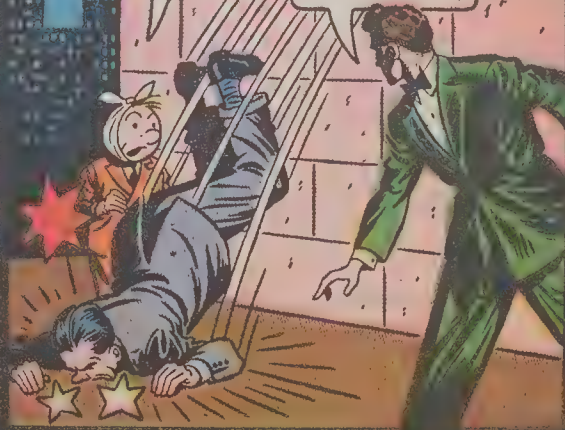
HOLD IT, SQUIRT! THERE MUST BE SOME KIND OF TROUBLE UP THERE! COME ON....!!

★ OUCH!  
★ EEEK!

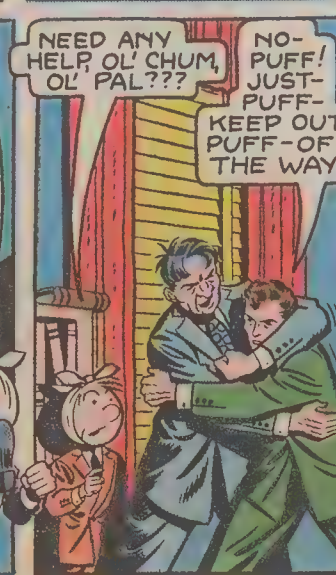
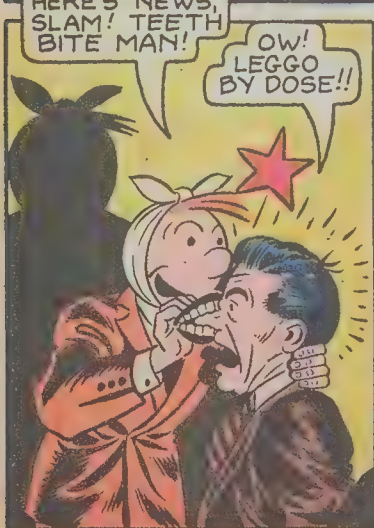
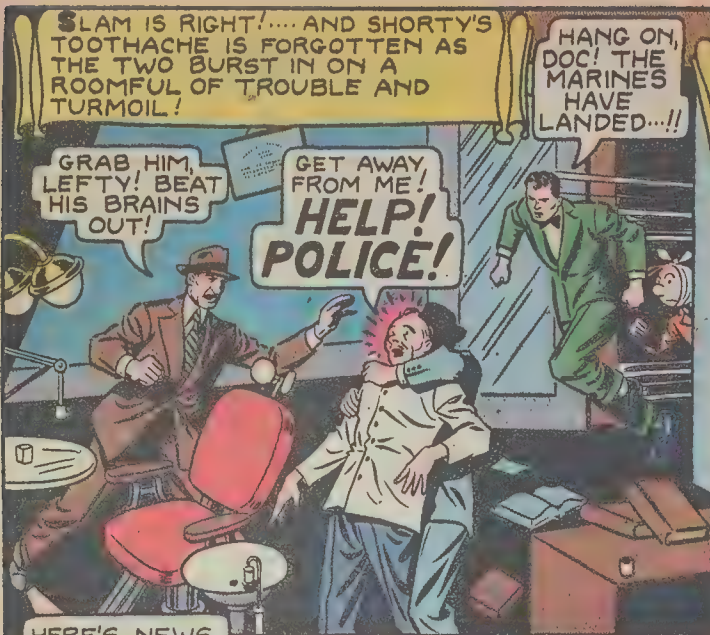
★ OH! ★

★ HALP! ★

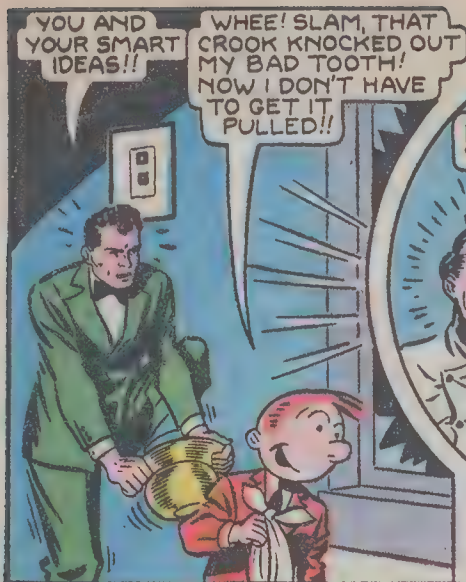
I PULLIT, DENTIST.  
ENTRANCE











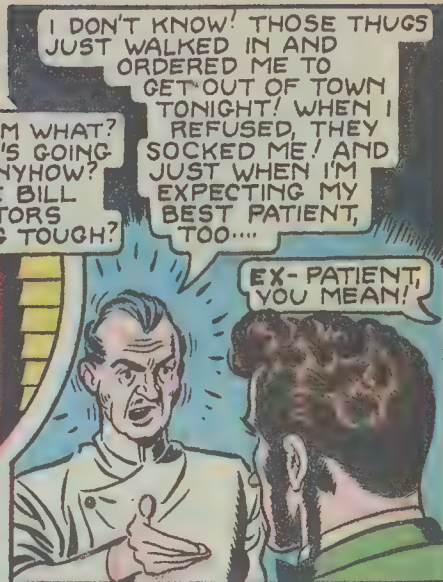
YOU AND  
YOUR SMART  
IDEAS!!

WHEE! SLAM, THAT  
CROOK KNOCKED OUT  
MY BAD TOOTH!  
NOW I DON'T HAVE  
TO GET IT  
PULLED!!



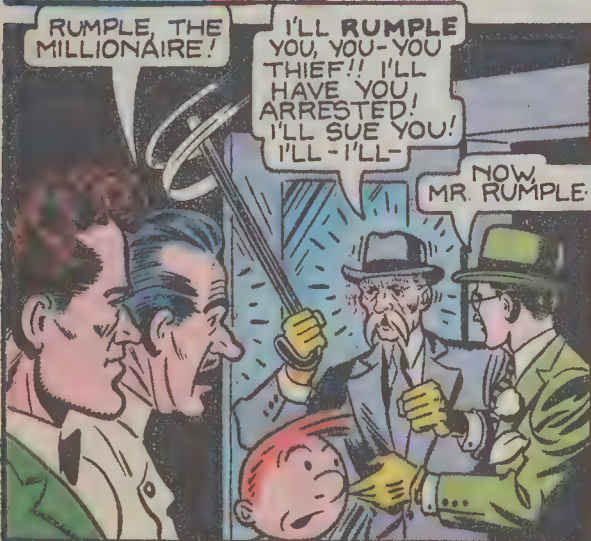
SLAM AND  
SHORTY! I WAS  
NEVER SO GLAD  
TO SEE ANYBODY  
IN MY LIFE! YOU  
SAVED ME....!!

FROM WHAT?  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON, ANYHOW?  
SOME BILL  
COLLECTORS  
GETTING TOUGH?



I DON'T KNOW! THOSE THUGS  
JUST WALKED IN AND  
ORDERED ME TO  
GET OUT OF TOWN  
TONIGHT! WHEN I  
REFUSED, THEY  
SOCKED ME! AND  
JUST WHEN I'M  
EXPECTING MY  
BEST PATIENT,  
TOO....

EX-PATIENT,  
YOU MEAN!



RUMPLE, THE  
MILLIONAIRE!

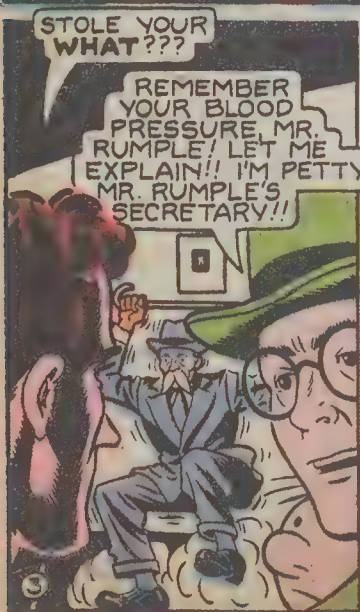
I'LL RUMPLE  
YOU, YOU-YOU  
THIEF!! I'LL  
HAVE YOU  
ARRESTED!  
I'LL SUE YOU!  
I'LL-I'LL-

NOW,  
MR. RUMPLE...!



BUT WHAT  
HAVE I  
DONE???

DONE? YOU  
CONNIVING CHISELER!  
YOU STOLE MY  
WHISTLING TOOTH,  
THAT'S WHAT YOU  
DID!



STOLE YOUR  
WHAT???

REMEMBER  
YOUR BLOOD  
PRESSURE, MR.  
RUMPLE! LET ME  
EXPLAIN!! I'M PETTY,  
MR. RUMPLE'S  
SECRETARY!!



THESE WERE  
MR. RUMPLE'S  
FAVORITE FALSE  
TEETH! BECAUSE  
OF THEIR SHAPE,  
HE COULD  
WHISTLE THROUGH  
THEM BEAUTIFULLY!

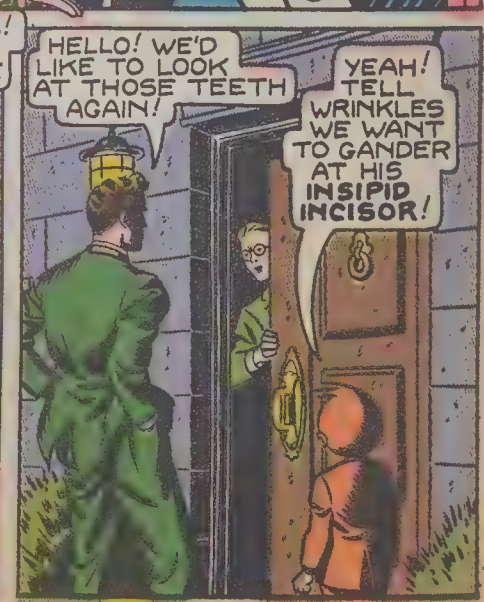
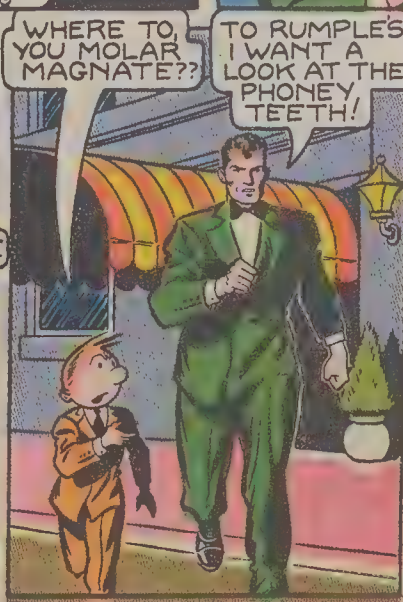
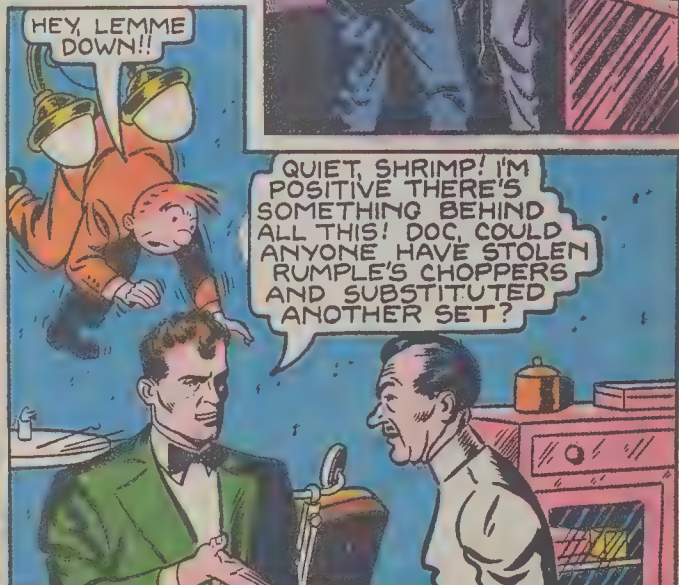
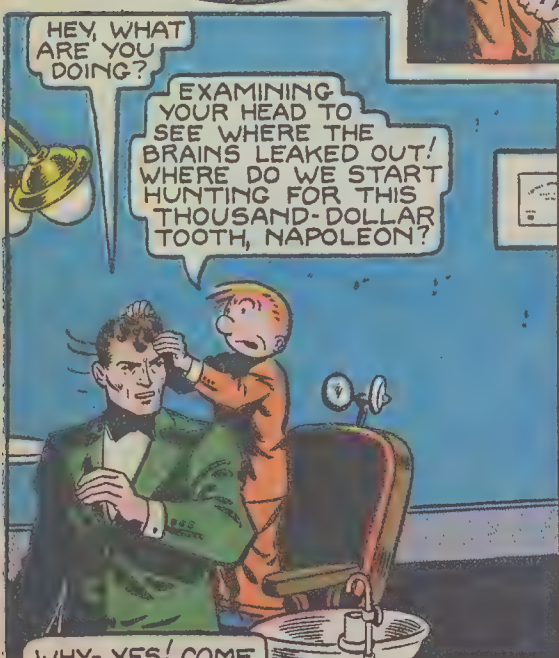
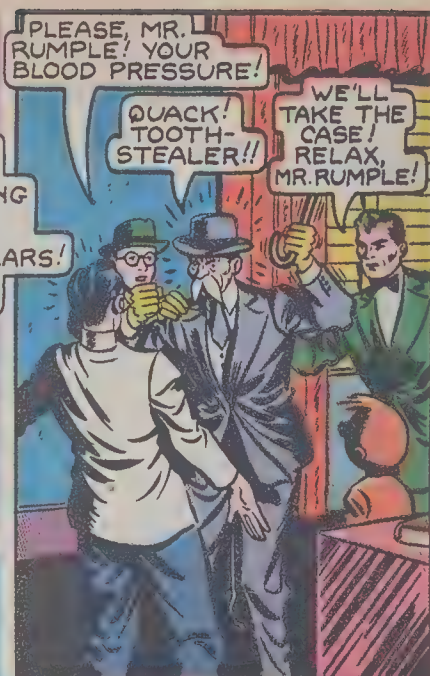
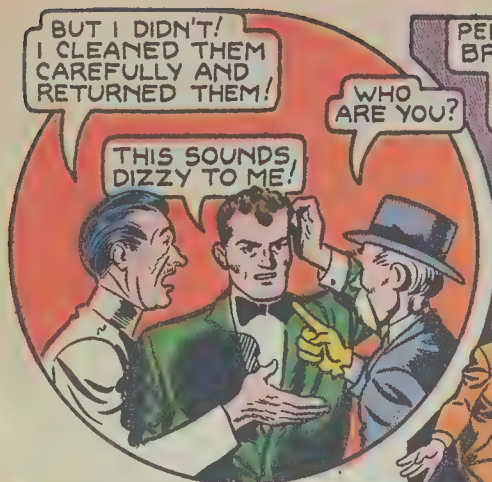
AND DOC,  
HERE,  
SABOTAGED  
'EM???



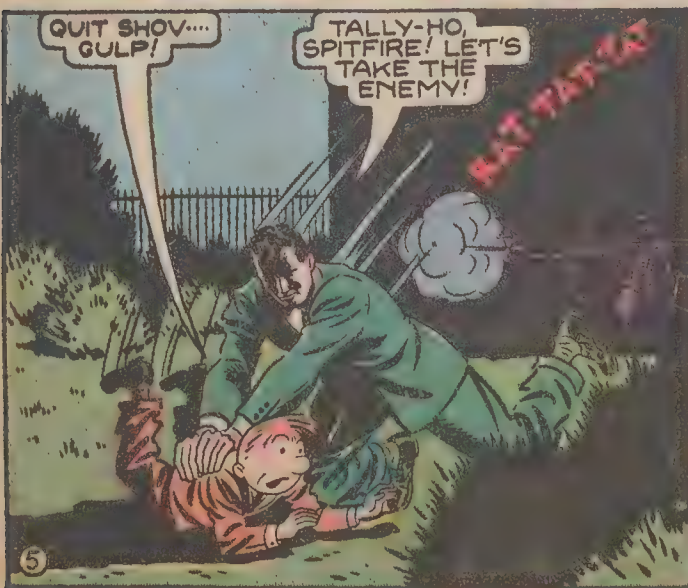
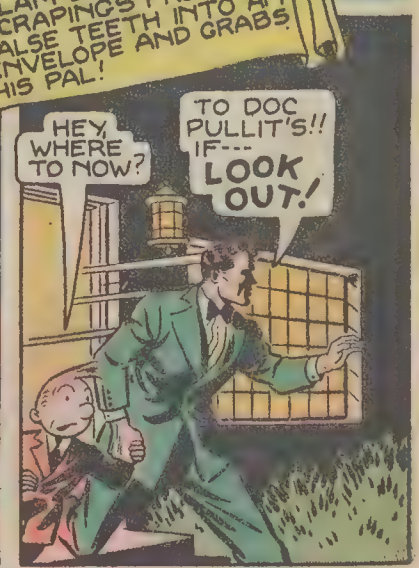
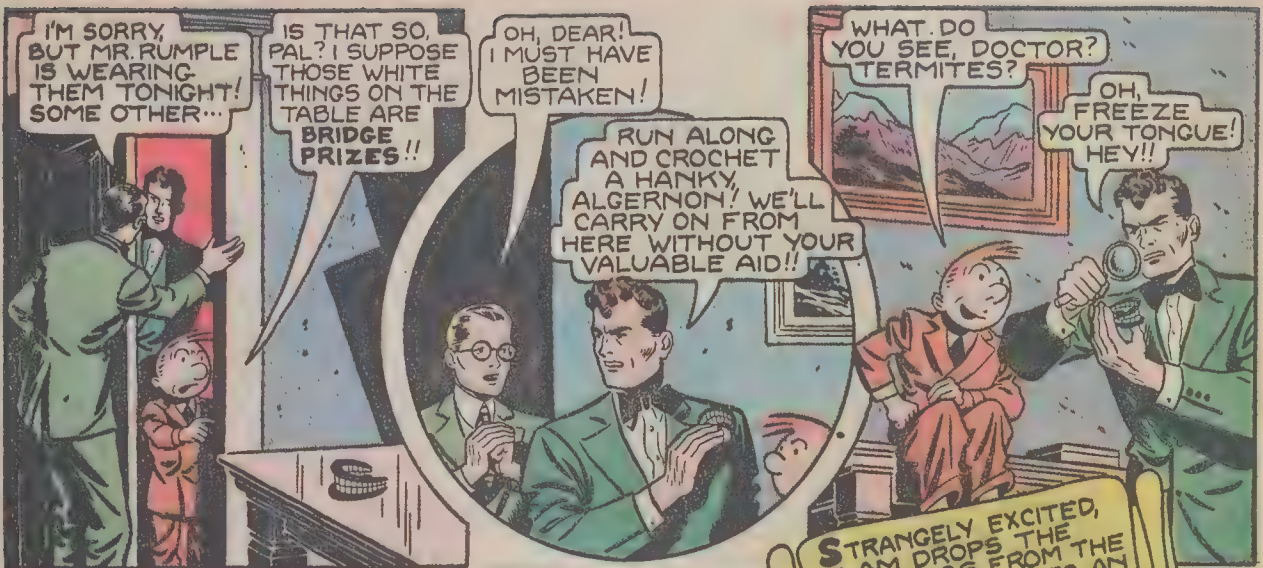
THEY WERE LEFT  
HERE TO BE CLEANED!  
WHEN HE GOT THEM  
BACK TODAY, THEY  
WOULDN'T WHISTLE  
ANY MORE!

STOLE MY  
TEETH, HE  
DID! AND GAVE  
ME ANOTHER  
SET! I'LL  
SUE-













THESE GUYS  
ARE BEARS FOR  
PUNISHMENT!

MAYBE  
YOURS  
ARE....!!



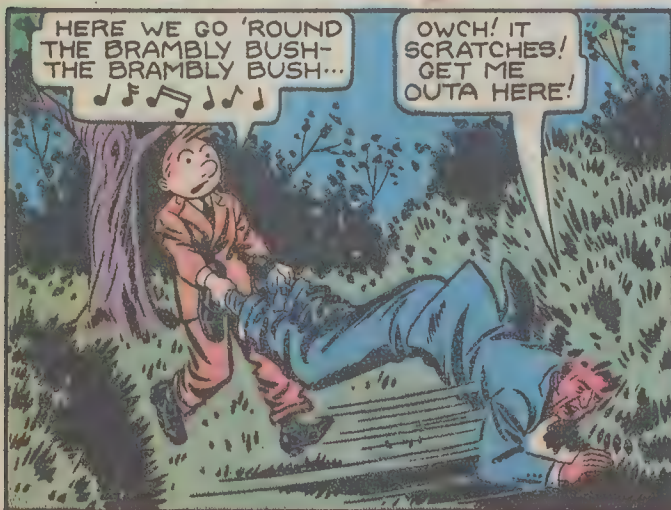
BUT MINE  
IS JUST  
BARE!!

HE WAS AFRAID  
THAT YOU HAD  
ANOTHER  
DENTIST'S  
DRILL IN YOUR  
POCKET!



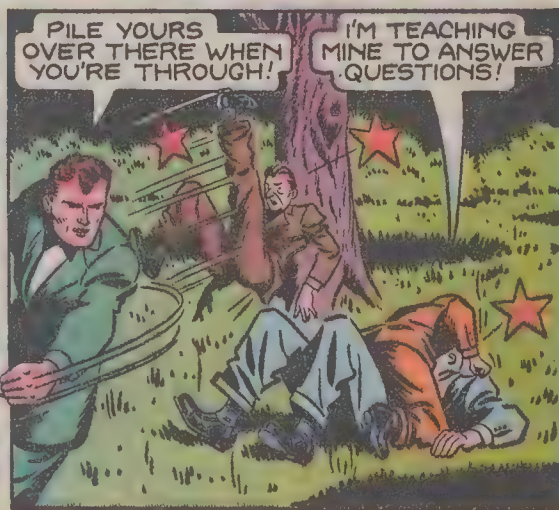
HEY, SLAM!  
BLOW SOME  
MY WAY!

I'M KICKING  
IN WITH  
MY SHARE!



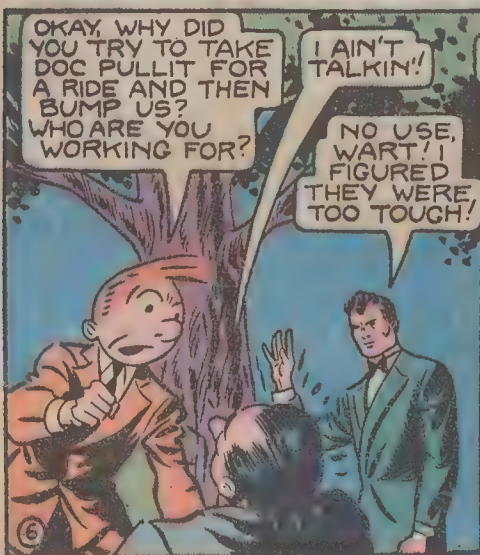
HERE WE GO 'ROUND  
THE BRAMBLY BUSH--  
THE BRAMBLY BUSH...  
♪♪♪

OWCH! IT  
SCRATCHES!  
GET ME  
OUTA HERE!



PILE YOURS  
OVER THERE WHEN  
YOU'RE THROUGH!

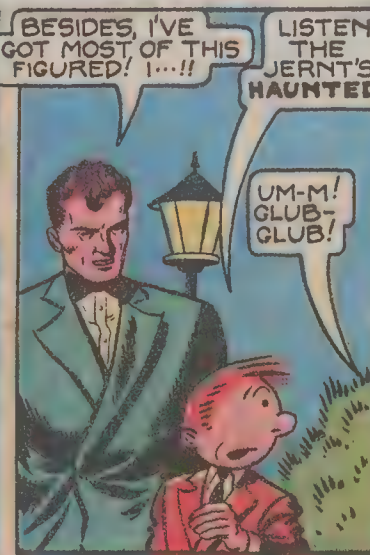
I'M TEACHING  
MINE TO ANSWER  
QUESTIONS!



OKAY, WHY DID  
YOU TRY TO TAKE  
DOC PULLIT FOR  
A RIDE AND THEN  
BUMP US?  
WHO ARE YOU  
WORKING FOR?

I AIN'T  
TALKIN'!

NO USE,  
WART! I  
FIGURED  
THEY WERE  
TOO TOUGH!



BESIDES, I'VE  
GOT MOST OF THIS  
FIGURED! I...!!

LISTEN!  
THE  
JERNT'S  
HAUNTED!!

UM-M!  
GLUB-  
GLUB!

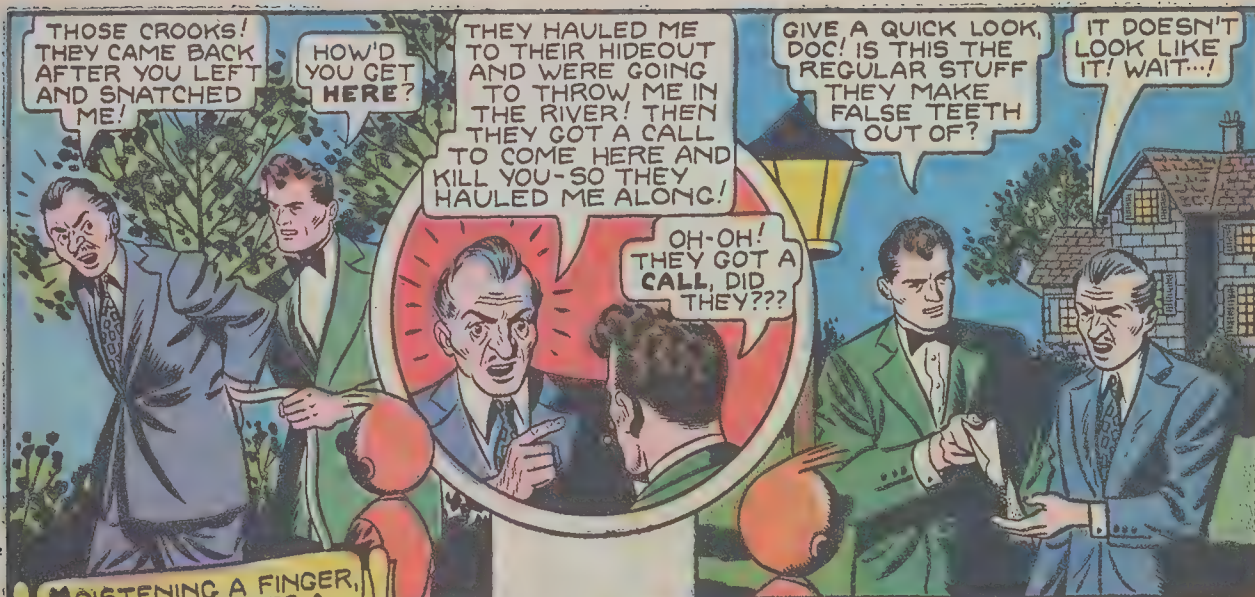


IT'S DOC  
PULLIT!

M-M-M-M!  
BLUB-BLUB-  
BLUB! UGH-  
UGH!

TSK-  
TSK!  
SUCH  
LANGUAGE!!





THOSE CROOKS!  
THEY CAME BACK  
AFTER YOU LEFT  
AND SNATCHED  
ME!

HOW'D  
YOU GET  
HERE?

THEY HAULED ME  
TO THEIR HIDEOUT  
AND WERE GOING  
TO THROW ME IN  
THE RIVER! THEN  
THEY GOT A CALL  
TO COME HERE AND  
KILL YOU--SO THEY  
HAULED ME ALONG!

GIVE A QUICK LOOK,  
DOC! IS THIS THE  
REGULAR STUFF  
THEY MAKE  
FALSE TEETH  
OUT OF?

IT DOESN'T  
LOOK LIKE  
IT! WAIT...!

OH-OH!  
THEY GOT A  
CALL, DID  
THEY???

MOISTENING A FINGER,  
DR. PULLIT MAKES A  
HASTY TEST!

I'LL SAY NOT!  
THIS STUFF,  
WHATEVER IT  
IS, **DISSOLVES!**  
TEETH MADE  
OF THIS WOULD  
MELT IN YOUR  
MOUTH!!

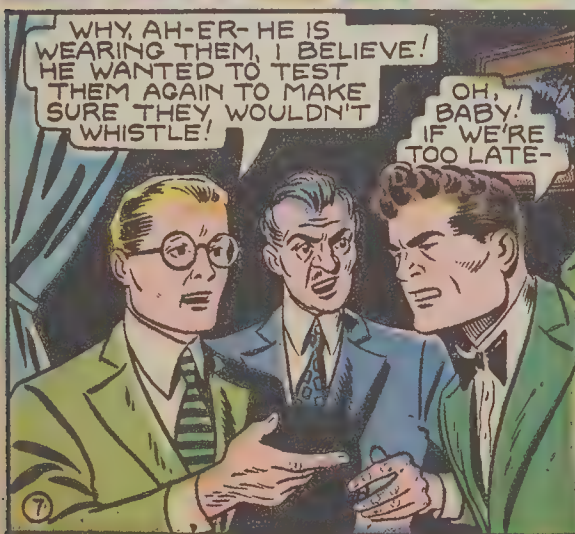
YEEOW!  
THAT'S IT!  
COME ON,  
YOU  
SNAILS!!

WHERE ARE  
WE GOING, IF I  
MAY BE SO BOLD?

TO  
PREVENT  
A MURDER--  
I HOPE!

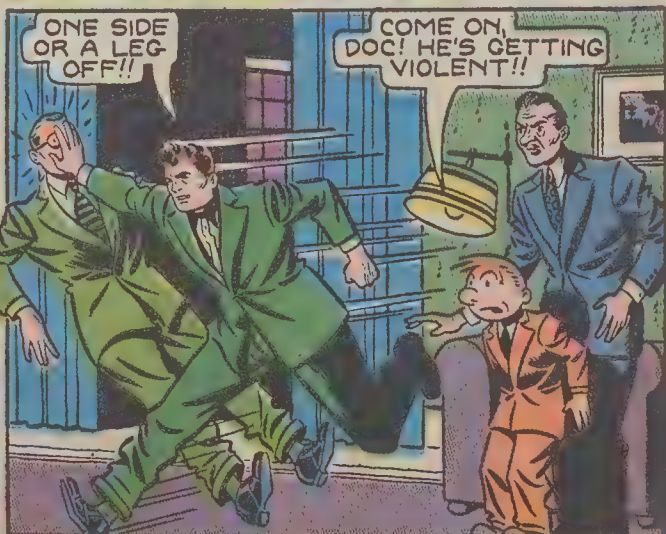
YOU CAN  
**NOT ENTER!**  
MR. RUMPLE  
CAN'T BE  
DIST-

THOSE  
TEETH!  
WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO THEM??



WHY, AH-ER- HE IS  
WEARING THEM, I BELIEVE!  
HE WANTED TO TEST  
THEM AGAIN TO MAKE  
SURE THEY WOULDN'T  
WHISTLE!

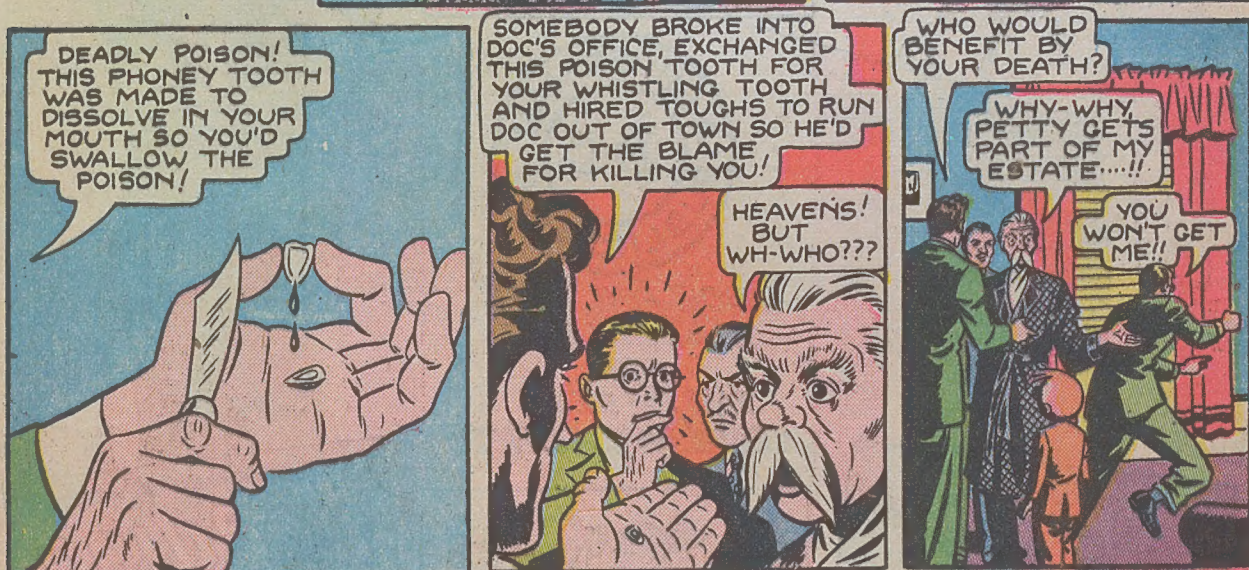
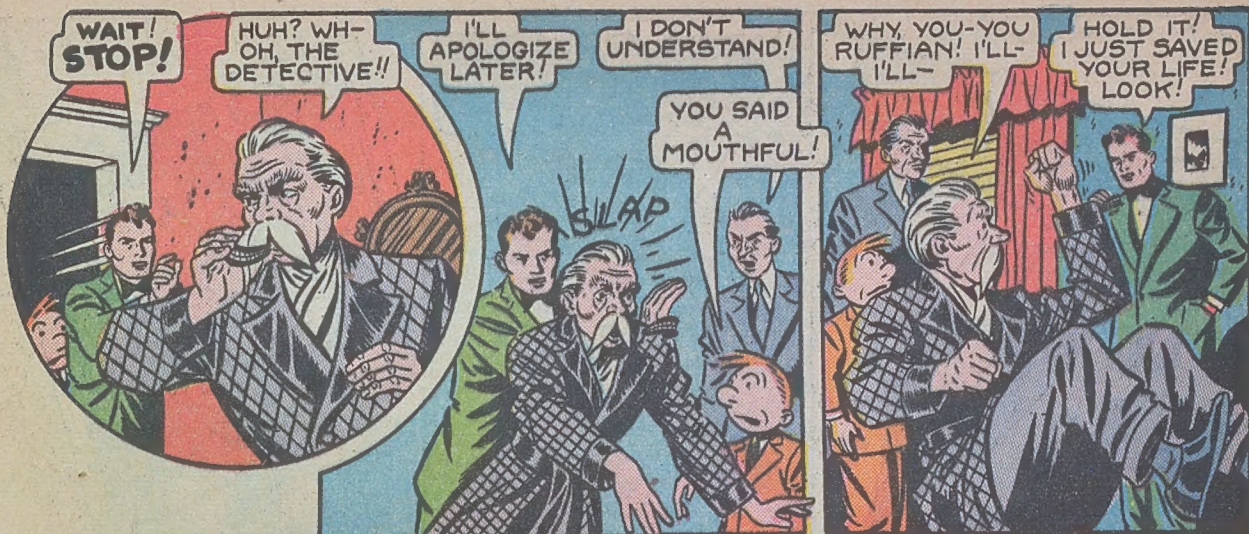
OH,  
BABY!  
IF WE'RE  
TOO LATE--



ONE SIDE  
OR A LEG-  
OFF!!

COME ON,  
DOC! HE'S GETTING  
VIOLENT!!

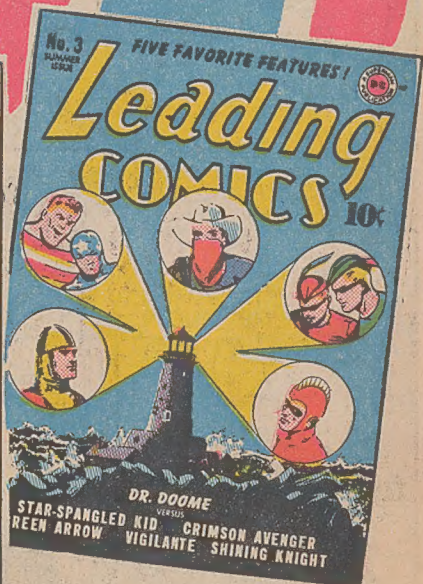








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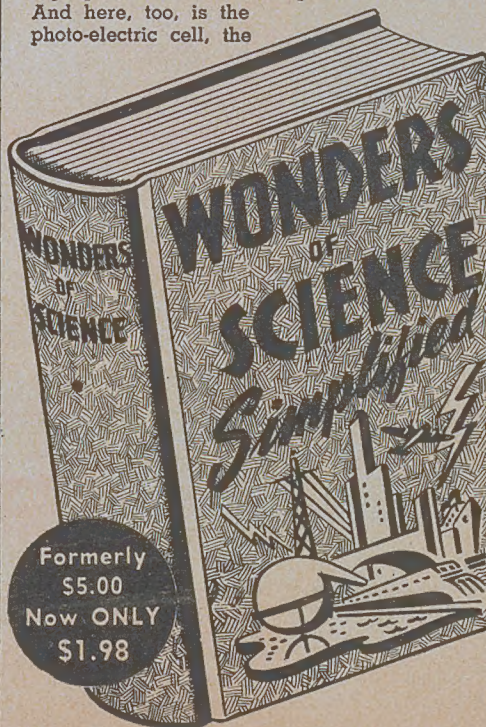
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